August 3, 1973 /Nuclear Hearings: Citizens V. Experts/Re-Electing Hollings
'Last Tango In Paris' Survives Charleston/ Karate in Columbia/ 25¢

SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

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Weekly Newspapers & Fred Sheheen

Cityside/The hands of Jimmy Lynn

by John Marion

Jimmy Lynn is one of those gregarious good ole boys whose smile is as big as his belly.

His ease and unflapability are deceptive, however, for he puts in a long day as a Columbia crane operator, which he has been doing for 14 years, and a longer night as the owner and proprietor of "Mama's Little Pump Room," on Pickens street, a rapidly becoming revered institution located on the grave of its predecessor, "The Purple Onion." Whether he is pulling the more sacred draught handles in his tavern or pulling the intricate levers in his crane, his hands are extremely valuable to a good many people.

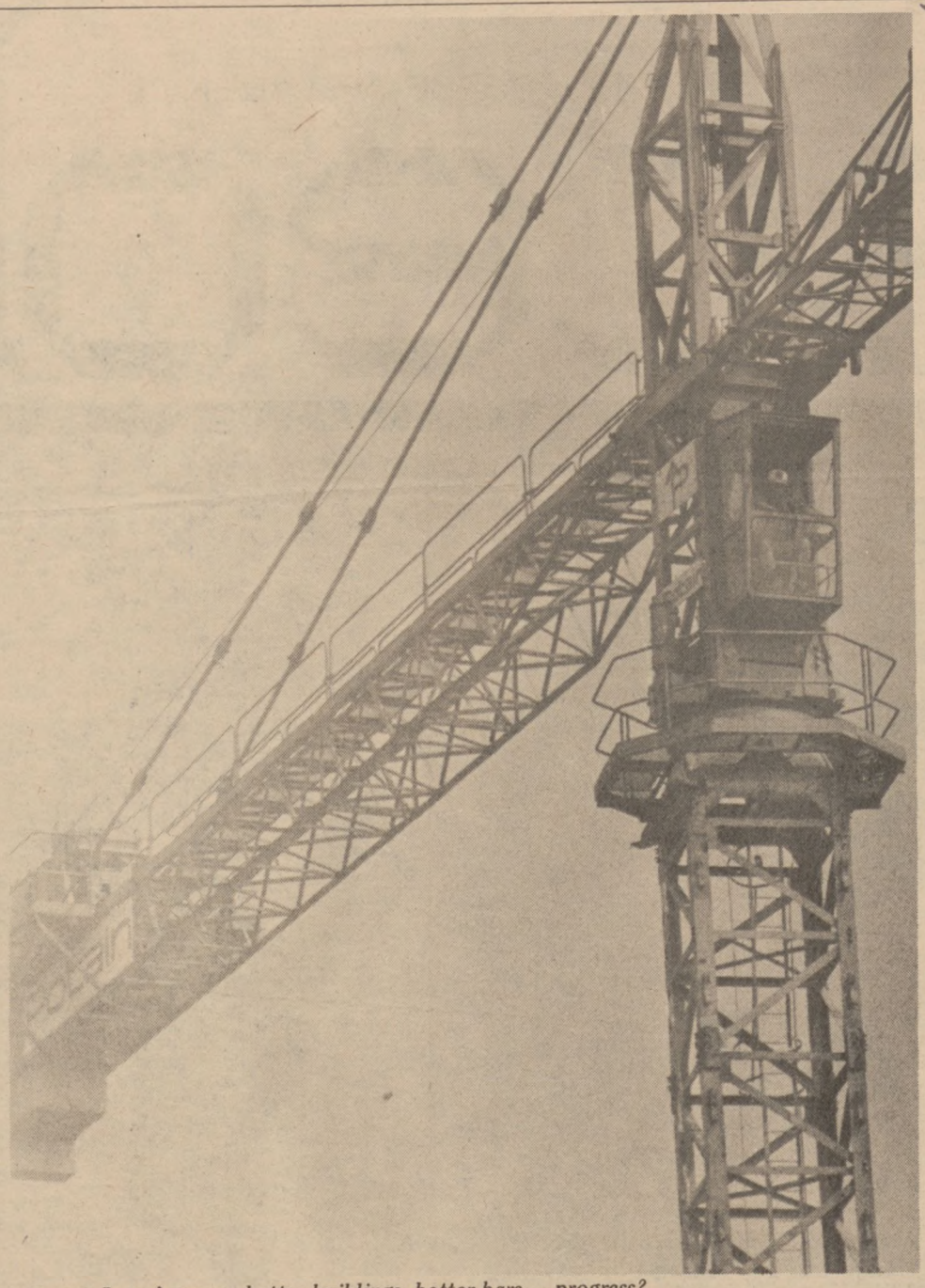
And Jimmy certainly looks after his own, sharing with his patrons that priceless information unique to men of his calling—who's selling what car cheap, the outfit that's paying top wages to workmen, what good places are up for rent, and so on.

So naturally, I am not surprised when he starts telling me about his job with M.B. Kahn and Dee Shoring, builders for the Heritage House Apartments on the corner of Gregg and Senate. "This Monday," he intones, "we're gonna fly the biggest form ever in the country."

Since I have no earthly idea about flying forms, I ask him to explain himself. Several rounds later, I get the impression that a"flying form" is simply a prefabricated unit that is put into place by a crane. Instead of building the roof on top where it is usually built, for example, the whole thing is built on the ground and hoisted into place by Jimmy and his crane. The forms now under construction will function essentially as ceilings. They are unique because they are 105 feet by 20 feet, and weigh about 12,500 pounds. I begin to have this fantasy of Jimmy and his crew moving gargantuan slabs of black stuff from "Space Odyssey." Some of the men are over at a table and Jimmy calls one over.

A middle-weight with no fat and a Charles Bronson face, Paul Dionne is an impressive man. At thirty-two, he is one of the pioneers in his field and betrays a sensitivity and intelligence not often found on the hard-hat lots. Although the flying form technique has been around, it has often depended on heavy materials such as steel trussles. Dionne himself is one of the planners of a newer method, which substitutes aluminum for steel. He is a warm, easily approached man, and I eagerly accept his invitation to come out to the lot.

In the morning, Jimmy greets me with his grin and a warm handshake. I am amazed at his freshness. "How the hell can you run a crane all day and a tap room most of the night?" I ask. His reply is characteristic. "You get used to it," he says, "besides, I have to do different things and meet different people. I believe if I had to do just one thing all the time I'd go crazy." He got three hours of sleep, he says, though I see no trace of fatigue or fuzziness. His hands are steady, and he moves his 180-foot boom like an extension of his arm. "Almost turned over this morning," he chuckles. "See that slope? "Do they turn over a lot?" I wonder. "Oh yeah, he says,"but not a lot. They will flip over, though." I try to picture 180 feet of falling boom and wish to change the subject.



Jimmy Lynn's crane: better buildings, better bars ... progress?

Jimmy continues, pointing to another awesome machine. "That there is a 'POTAIN' crane, come all the way from France. See that man up there in the blue? Well, he's gittin' $20 an hour for fixin' it up." The spindly monolith is a tower crane, built only in Europe. Despite its superiority for heavy work, it is too expensive to make in this country. Paul states that the cost of purchase would be about a million dollars, and it is cheaper to get them from Europe.

The operator does not sit in a ground cab, but in one that is a good forty feet above the ground, directly under the boom which hangs parallel to the ground. "This thing should have been set up weeks ago," Paul says, "but we've just had the wrong crew. What we want to know is if the crane can lift the load." "We want him to set it at about 8 tons," says Jimmy, "but you can overload and flip over. And they *will* flip over." "You mean the whole damn thing could fall down," I ask. "Yep." "Along with the man in it?" I continue. "Along with the man in it," he answers, without smiling.

"But nothing's going to go wrong," Paul says matter-of-factly, without doubt or hesitation. And I have no doubts about his statement at all. The man is every inch a builder, himself one of the designers of the system he is now employing. He has done it several times before. Once in Chicago, he completed a building in 27 days and he laughs at the memory. "Our boss would come around once a week," he says in his uniquely Canadian accent, "and when I didn't send in my weekly reports, he called me up, mad as hell. 'What's going on up there?' 'Not good,' I said. 'We got problems.' When he flew up the damn thing was finished. He couldn't believe it." His favorite job was a similar one, a 22-story apartment building that he did in fifty-seven days.

"The advantage of this method is that it saves time and money. It would take around forty men to do this job and I can do it with 10. " The ceiling-like structure will be lowered onto rollers, pushed out by hand, and then hoisted into place. The completed form is cheaper and much lighter, because of the subsitution of aluminum for steel. "Aluminum," he continues, "has more strength per linear foot than steel."

But the real advantage is the cost; it is simply less expensive to build these large ceiling units on the ground and to hoist them up than to build them in the traditional way, with girders and beams, and numerous workmen. "With this method here," he states, "I can build the whole thing for 24 cents a foot. Any other builder or framer would be at least 60 to 90 cents a foot to put it together. By the time you go past the first floor, you go 'typical'. What I call 'typical' is that everything is the same all the way up, plus the labor is eliminated, and you could do the floor above after its fabricated for about 15 cents a foot. And you are using 10 men instead of forty."

"In other words," says Paul Dionne, "keep the costs down and help the building trades...better buildings...progress, you know?'

And it will be those valued hands of "Mama's" maitre de that will actually slide those 12,500 pound slabs of building genius into place, making the Heritage House an architectural first for South Carolina.

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Cheap Shots

Last Friday night four or five hundred lost souls stood in line, waiting to plunk down $3.60 each to view the same print of *Last Tango in Paris* which a Charleston municipal judge had carefully observed only hours before. No one was sure the film would be shown--four Charlestonians, billing themselves as the "enemies of Satan," had been attempting for two days to have the film banned, and the judge was making his decision even as the crowd waited.

Crowd spirit was high. Many of those waiting to buy tickets admitted they came to see the movie because of the negative publicity. Most seemed about as anxious to witness a fleet of patrol cars come screaming into into Charleston's Fox Bule Cinema parking lot with a court order as they were to view the controversial Bernardo Bertolucci film.

Mrs. E.B. Holcombe, a member of the Charleston County school board, and four North Charleston Baptist preachers had appeared in municipal court the day before, demanding the picture be banned as obscene and a public nuisance. Acting out of her interest "in the welfare of young people" (though uniformed security guards assured that no one under 18 would attend), Mrs. Holcombe had just braved almost twenty minutes of the Marlon Brando-Marie Schneider film "until I thought I'd be sick at my stomach."

"I thought the whole place would get up and walk out," she told Municipal Judge Joseph M. Thompson, "but they didn't." The school board matron said the film repulsed her because it depicted Brando and Schneider "in the bestial act of intercourse, with no uplifting, no romance, and no affection." Under cross-examination by the Fox Blue's attorney, Mrs. Holcombe admitted that both Brando and Schneider remained fully clothed during the sex scene she witnessed, "but once, very quickly, a portion of the girl's private parts were visible."

The Charleston protestors say they singled out *Last Tango* because of its nationwide noteriety and claim to be aware that there are other films being shown in the Charleston area which are equally objectionable. "I'm sure other films shown locally have been just as bad," Mrs. Holcombe said, "but they were so little know we would have had to go see them to make value judgements."

It follows then that viewing *Last Tango* was not necessary prior to making a value judgement -- although it must be said that Mrs. Holcombe not only viewed twenty minutes of the film, but read a review in *Time* magazine. What other qualifications does she have as a film critic? Well, the last movie she saw prior to *Tango* was a 1968 showing of *Fantastic Voyage*. And her family has seen most of the Walt Disney movies.

Last Tango In Paris is a damned serious movie, a movie which demands from its viewers the realization that when humans are driven mad by despair, loneliness, and failure, their sex lives become a facet of that madness. Far from uplifting or romanticizing the lives of an aging flophouse manager and a jaded Parisian beauty, the explicit sexual contact *Last Tango* serves to further define their futile struggle to drown out the ennui of their lives; if the sex is bestial it is so because bestiality remains the only vehicle by which either of the two main characters can feel anything at all.

Presumably, Mrs. Holcombe and her cadre of Baptist ministers believe *Last Tango* presents a distorted and even perverted view of human sexuality; presumably their own sexual lives are pure and wholesome, filled with romance and affection, and they find it difficult to believe that other human souls can become so tortured as to submit to the sexual debasement so excrutiatingly delineated in *Last Tango In Paris*.

The Charleston judge refused to ban the movie at present due to South Carolina's ambiguous laws, rendered questionable in view of the Supreme Court's decision last month to allow "community standards" to determine obscenity. But the actions of Mrs. Holcombe and others will undoubtedly weigh heavily on the minds of South Carolina legislators when they reassemble next January for general business and begin to develop a comprehensive pornography law. If Mrs. Holcombe's standard is upheld, we can presume that the depiction of the sexual act as anything other than uplifting, romantic, and filled with affection is prima facie evidence of pornographic intent.

"If we succeed in banning the film," Mrs. Holcombe told reporters, "we would have a green light to move against other x-rated films, books and questionable materials -- to take on Satan wholesale."

Unrealistic

Now and again we bring you news from out back, culled from the pages of the state's county weeklies. This week's excerpt appeared as a front-page editorial in the July 25 edition of the *Blacksburg Times and Cherokee Tribune*. We quote it in its entirety.

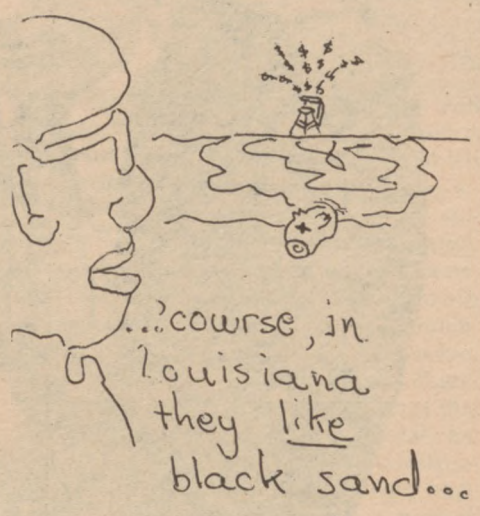
"The Clemson Extension Service in concert with legislators Lake, Long, Daniel, and Medley named a Negro county agent to serve Cherokee farmers. To say a man is not qualified to explain Clemson's farm program because he is black would not be true, but to name the state's only black county agent for no reason other than he is black to serve one of the few counties in South Carolina without any full-time black farmers is an injustice to the black man.

"There are many areas in South Carolina where there are black farmers. A black extension leader would have the respect he deserves in such an area, but to expect the red necks of Cherokee to accept advice from such an agent, regardless of his qualifications, is unrealistic."

In The Dark

Last Thursday, Senator Marion L. Gressette, one of the most powerful men in South Carolina's legislature-dominated government and chairman of the House-Senate Reapportionment Committee, refused to open the committee's meeting with the Attorney General to the public. Gressette was quoted in the *State* as saying "It is to be a privileged communication between attorney and client and as such, I don't feel should be given any publicity. To do so would be a detriment to the state of South Carolina and the benefit to the news media would be very little." No mention, however, of the benefit to the public. John Gardner, the founder of Common Cause, was making some interesting comments last week in a *New Yorker* article on the same subject. "The second requirement (for effective citizen action) is an informed public. The special interests flourish in the dark. Officials begin to respect citizen action when they discover that citizens are watching and the media are reporting what the citizens see." Before long, a lot of voters are bound to suspect or even assume that what goes on in the dark behind closed doors is a little shady.

Drilling For Oil



State Senators James Waddell of Beaufort and Allen R. Carter of Charleston recently returned from a tour of the New Orleans facilities of six major petroleum companies, bringing with them the news that the energy crisis is genuine.

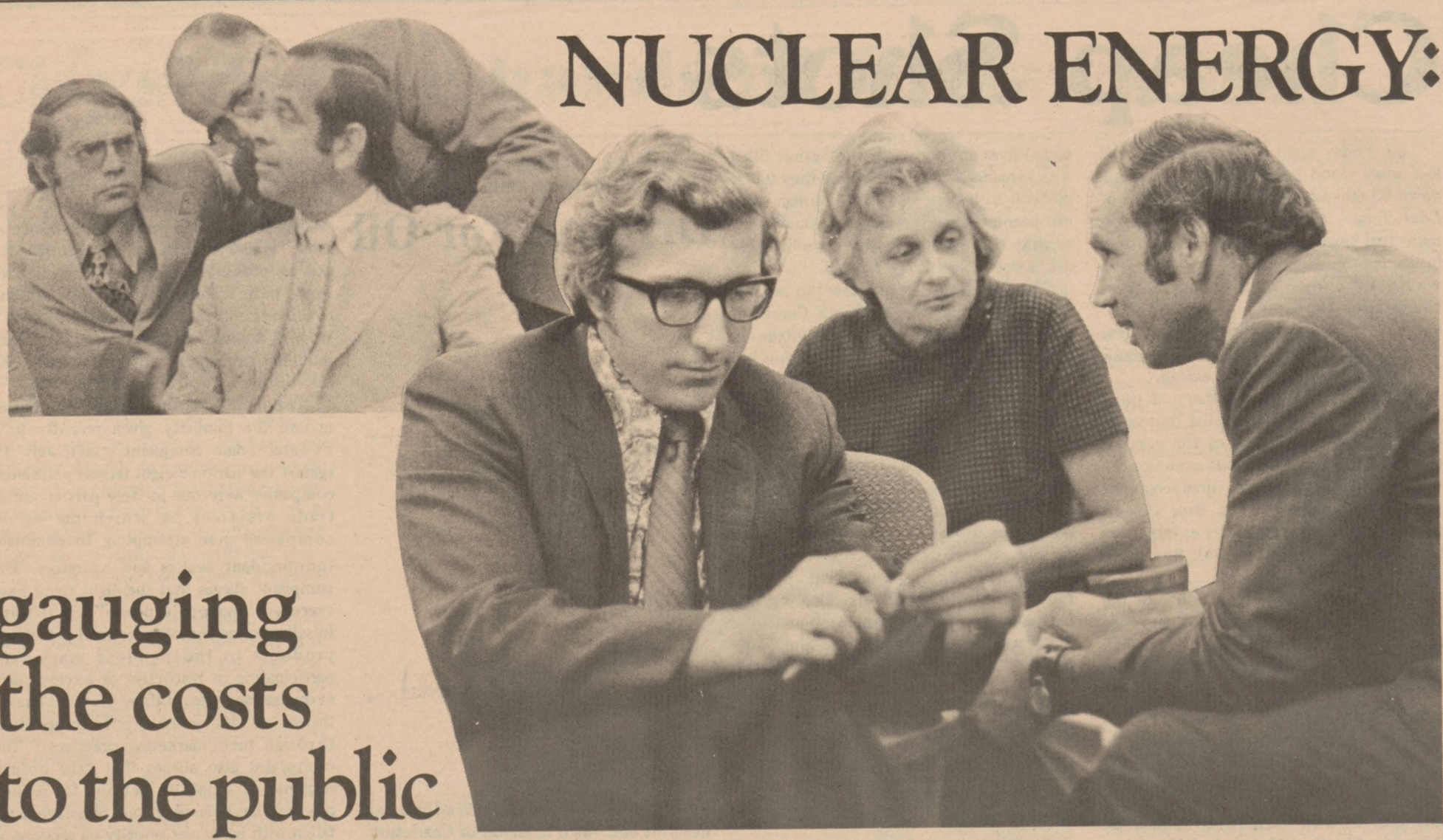
"During our New Orleans trip," Waddell said, "we talked with the geologists of six of the major oil companies, and I can tell you for certain that we are having an energy crisis."

In the face of the crisis, the lowcountry senators argued, South Carolina must "provide the environment so that those interested can explore and produce" the "deposits of oil and gas on the Continental shelf." Waddell and Carter also said there is a strong possibility that new oil refineries would be built somewhere in South Carolina to process undersea and Middle Eastern oil -- Waddell pointed out that existing American refineries are not equipped to handle the high-sulfur crude oil of the Middle East.

Apparently both Waddell and Carter missed the publicity given recently to a Federal Trade complaint issued July 17 against the nation's eight largest petroleum companies were due in large part to unfair trade practices by which the big oil companies were attempting to eliminate independent dealers and operators. The complaint alleges that the eight firms have exercised "monopoly power" in "refusing to sell gasoline and other refined petroleum products to independent marketers, participating in restrictive or exclusionary exchanges and sales of these products among themselves, and avoiding price competition through their marketing practices." The complaint also alleges that "the normal response of supply to demand for refined products has been distorted. Shortages have fallen with particular severity on sections of the country where independent refiners and marketers are primarily located."

We will have an energy crisis unless we develop new energy sources, including sources which do not depend on the petroleum energy. But should we begin to drill for oil off the South Carolina beaches and build refineries along the coast because the geologists of six major oil companies think it would be a good idea?

NUCLEAR ENERGY:



gauging the costs to the public

"...It's the experts who are protesting. If we had the money there would be no problem defeating these plants."

by Jon Buchan

The entire scene had decidedly Quixotic overtones, though the self-proclaimed "spokesmen for the public interest" were fighting a nuclear power plant instead of jousting with 17th century windmills. Their motives seemed lofty and their chances of success reminiscent of the impossible dream.

The scene was last week's public hearing before the South Carolina Public Service Commission (scheduled for Wednesday, but which dragged on through Thursday night) in which the opponents and proponents of a $704 million nuclear electric generating station proposed by Duke Power Company met in Columbia to air their arguments.

The hearing itself was unique in several ways. It was the first time a public hearing has been held in South Carolina to discuss a proposed nuclear facility, though there are two others already in operation here and two others planned. The plant, to be called the Catawba Nuclear Station and located on Lake Wylie in York County, represents the largest financial investment in a single industrial facility in the history of South Carolina.

The public hearing was held to determine if the PSC would grant a certificate permitting the Duke Power Company to construct and operate the facility. According to state statutes, the PSC can do so only after it has (1) determined that there is a need for the facility, (2) determined the nature of the probable environmental impact and whether this impact is justified, given the state of the technology and the alternatives, and (3) determined that there is "reasonable assurance" the plant will operate within the laws of South Carolina.

These first two requirements were the points most of the discussion would center around. Duke would have to defend its claim that the demand for electricity will grow enough by 1980 to require that a generating plant be built. And the environmentalists would attempt to persuade the commission even if a plant is needed, the potential environmental impact of a coal-powered plant is lesser by magnitudes than that of a nuclear plant.

About 40 people, mostly reporters, Duke executives, engineers, and public relations people, or opponents of the plant—gathered Wednesday morning on the seventh floor, of the Owen Building, four floors above the Pollution Control Authority offices, to face the seven commissioners who sat rocking majestically in their soft, high-backed green chairs. The Duke officials testified first, presenting their credentials in their various fields of expertise. For an hour and one-half, the three distinguished-looking witnesses offered figures and arguments to back Duke's claim that the Catawba plant is essential if the company is to meet growing peak energy demands and maintain the minimum reserve levels in the year 1979. They said Duke had considered a coal-fired plant and had considered locating at two other South Carolina sites, but found none of these alternatives economically or environmentally superior to the Catawba Nuclear Station plants. Warren Owen, vice-president for design engineering, summarized Duke's plans: "The impact of the plant will be compatible with existing and forseeable land and water uses."

During a short recess declared by commission chairman Henry Yonce, assistant attorney general John Bowen met privately with the opponents of the plant. He was available, he said, "to represent the consumer public." The three separate groups of opponents were understandably disorganized, and expressed dismay at the failure of the commission to inform them of this legal service prior to the hearing. Four of the five individuals present said the commission had failed to send them requested information concerning the format and time of the hearing. Bowen listened patiently and offered to assist them in every way possible to present their cases. Yonce looked in on the meeting after it had run twice its planned time and explained he was not hurrying them; it would save time later, he said, if they ironed out matters now.

Those present to oppose the plant included two representatives from the Carolina Environmental Study Group, a Charlotte-based organization with 132 active members and 7,000 associate members in the form of the Catawba Central Labor Union. (The union delegates voted unanimously in April to support the study groups' opposition to the Lake Wylie plant). Two other individuals in the opponents' meeting were representatives from the Piedmont Organic Movement, a Greer-based organization with 200 members. Mrs. Ruth Thomas, a Columbia woman who said she officially represents no one, but "feels as if she represents all the people who would like to be here, but can't", was the fifth opponent. After hearing the smooth presentation of the Duke representatives and their two lawyers, Mrs. Thomas probably expressed the sentiment of all the opponents. "I know I should have studied to be a lawyer, but I found out too late."

There was a noticeable lack of participation from any other South Carolina organizations such as any of the state's numerous Environmental Coalition groups or the League of Women Voters. Even longtime nuclear opponent and specialist Townsend Belser, a Columbia attorney, was absent from Wednesday's proceedings.

Tom Wolpert, a longish-haired, 24-year-old member of CESG offered the first testimony in opposition to the plant. Identifying himself as a "program instruction designer" with a background in music history and music theory, the Charlotte resident offered a technical mathematical analysis of Duke's historical growth rate and asserted the growth rate through 1980 will be much less than Duke claims. (This analytical method was later supported by a Winthrop economic professor). Wolpert asked the commission to expand its usual "narrow definition of expertise" and judge his testimony and methodology on its own merits rather than on his background.

The cross-examination of Wolpert by Duke's attorneys, Steve Griffin and Larry Porter, pointed up what is a crucial issue in battles between citizens and corporate or governmental entities in our increasingly technological society. They asked him for his background and implicitly—and expertly—left the impression that his testimony was hardly credible when compared to that of Duke's experts. The session broke for lunch and Warren Owen, beaming at one of his colleagues, squeezed his arm and said, "If it's no more than this, then we won't have any problem."

During the lunch break, Dr. Kenneth Gregg, a 32-year-old biology professor from Winthrop and the other representative of Carolina Environmental Study Group, acknowledged the problem of opposing the testimony and studies of company "experts" with that of well-read, but non-expert laymen during the public hearings. "Duke Power said last week that it was only environmentalists crying against this plant who weren't technically capable." (Duke Power president William Lee was quoted in a Greenville newspaper as saying opponents of the plant are "frightened and misinformed.") "That's not so. It's the experts—who've worked with the Atomic Energy Commission—who are supplying the information. It's the experts who are standing up and protesting."

Gregg, who will teach a course this fall on man and his environment at Winthrop, said he first became involved in the controversy over nuclear plants about a year ago after reading a book entitled *The Careless Atom*. He is convinced that the problem is one of educating the public and seeking its support in opposing nuclear plants until more research is done on them. "If we had the money, there would be no problem defeating these plants in the courts nationwide."

The second opponent to present testimony opposing the plant was Charles Parrott, president of the Piedmont Organic Movement, a man in his early forties, with his bottom front teeth missing. He allowed himself to be sworn in and immediately characterized his group with his initial statement: "The 200 members of my group voted unanimously to oppose our national enemies and to oppose nuclear plants in South Carolina." Parrott is a self-educated aviation engineer (who also described himself on the nuclear issues as "not an expert, just a well-read citizen") whose main concern about nuclear energy plants centers on their potential health danger to the community in case of accident or sabotage. He claimed that the emergency core cooling system, which is

"...We may not need a plant. If we need one, we should have one with the least possible risk..."

a back-up system to be used in the event that the regular cooling system fails has not yet been perfected. Parrott said that "in the event of a loss of coolant accident, if the ECCS fails, or does not provide cooling water in a very short period of time, minutes or even seconds, then we have the stage set for the greatest civilian catastrophe in history." He referred to an incident in a Detroit nuclear plant in 1966 in which the coolant flow was blocked and resulted in a meltdown of the fuel. The plant was shut down because of high radiation levels in the plant and was not investigated for a month for fear of starting a second, truly catastrophic accident.

Parrott's testimony then turned to an area that has received considerable publicity in some areas of the country in recent months. In April of this year, according to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Dr. Ernest J. Sternglass, director of radiological physics at the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine, said he had linked a sharp increase in cancer deaths in Cincinnati to radiation from a nuclear power station in Pennsylvania. His report said that cancer deaths in Cincinnati increased 24 percent in the period 1958-1968, while Cleveland's cancer death rate grew 12 percent and Columbus' cancer death rate dropped by 10 percent. The U. S. increase for the same period was 8 percent. Sternglass was a nuclear physicist for Westinghouse Research Laboratories for 15 years and was an early supporter of the Shippingport, Pennsylvania, (on the Ohio River), nuclear station.

Parrott also mentioned the dangers of sabotage from the air. Noting that his job requires him to make airborne tests of electronic flight control equipment, he pointed out that he had, on several occasions, flown directly over Duke's Oconee station at 2,000 feet above the plant. "It would be absurdly simple to bomb or make a kamikaze drive on one with an aircraft loaded with explosives."

Parrott closed by discussing the limits set by federal legislation on liability in case of a nuclear accident. The Price-Anderson Act, first passed in 1957 and renewed in 1965, set the limit for public liability at $560 million per nuclear accident. Parrott said it also stipulates that about 80 percent of that $560 million is to be paid by the taxpayers, not by the AEC license-holder. Parrott claimed that if utilities and their insurance companies were forced to bear the full liability for nuclear accidents, "this nuclear nonsense would come to a grinding halt."

Much of Parrott's testimony has been heard repeatedly by Duke officials and probably by the commissioners. (Commissioners Moss and Stucky succumbed frequently to long eye-rests during his testimony). Under cross-examination, from the commissioners and Duke's attorneys, Parrott explained that he was "against any nuclear station until it's proved they can work." Commissioner Moss asked Parrott if he thought the AEC was competent. Parrott replied, "Some of the people there are, but they are charged with regulation *and* promotion of nuclear energy. That is an impossible job. The AEC has never turned down a license for a nuclear plant."

Parrott's testimony perhaps exemplified the unique concern over the safety of nuclear plants. In other situations, the consequences of an accident are fathomable, if unpleasant: 50 deaths in a subway crash, 150 in a plane crash, or 550 in a hurricane. But none of these can equal the unknown horror and inestimable consequences—to the living and to future generations—of a nuclear accident.

While Parrott was on the stand, Chairman Yonce read a telegram which came during the hearings from a South Carolina building and trade construction AFL-CIO spokesman, voicing approval of nuclear plants in South Carolina. Apparently, this action was taken to counteract the publicity given the opposition of the 7,000 member Catawba Central Labor Union.

Robert Sutton, a member of the Piedmont Organic Movement, spoke next. He has blond, long wild hair, pushed back from where his forehead recedes halfway up his scalp. This quiet, bearded man, whose sworn livelihood is growing his own organic food on a farm near Sunset, S. C., surprised the hearing room with the testimony that he has a BS in Physics from Emory University and an MS in Physics from the University of North Carolina. He spoke in a low voice, almost obscured by the trucks passing on Bull Street outside. He focused on relating how radiation concentrates in certain areas of the food chain and becomes increasingly dangerous when released into the environment. He ended with the statement: "The nuclear people have made a bargain with the devil and have dragged us along with them."

Dr. Gregg took the stand and began with a quote from President Kennedy. "There is no amount of radiation so small that it has no ill effects at all upon anybody." Gregg referred to a California Rand Corporation study which he said may result in a moratorium in nuclear plant construction in that state. Gregg expressed his belief that the growth rates of Duke Power did not actually require a new plant in 1979, but if one had to come, he said he preferred a coal-fired plant. (Later, in private, Gregg jokingly said that at this point, he would willingly stump the state for more coal plants if this would slow construction of nuclear plants). Gregg finally suggested that if Duke demanded a nuclear plant, they could at least take it to a less-populated site than Lake Wylie. The proposed site, Gregg said, will have a population of nearly 450,000 persons within a 20-mile radius in 1980. He suggested Duke build at Lake Wateree or an unnamed "central South Carolina" site as they claim in their application to have considered. He urged the commission and the Duke representatives to reconsider the possibility of a coal-fired plant. "The possibility of contaminating our planet with radiation is magnitudes greater than any other environmental effect. There's nothing you can do but wait for it to go away."

The hearings continued—unplanned—into Thursday. Early Thursday, the Water Resources Commission, the State Board of Health, and the Pollution Control Authority sent representatives to indicate they had no objections to Duke's plans. The proceedings manifested immediate promise of excitement when Townsend Belser appeared unexpectedly to cross-examine the witnesses. Belser had worked for the Carolina Environmental Study Group in a recent similar case in which Duke won the right to build a nuclear plant near Lake Norman in North Carolina. He had apparently resolved to stay out of this affair until Thursday morning when Mrs. Thomas pleaded with him to represent her. He agreed to represent her for no fee.

Belser's cross-examination offered repeated examples of probably the most frustrating aspect of issues such as that of nuclear energy which concern the public, but whose questions and answers must be handled by experts. And most of the experts work for the companies involved or for the government. It is quite difficult for a citizen's group to line up that brand of expertise on its side. When Belser questioned agency officials, he was frequently told that information he requested could be obtained only from the technical staff; no single spokesman could answer his questions. It would have taken not an expert, but a battery of experts.

Belser, hair combed over the balding crown of his head, dressed in a wrinkled green pinstriped suit, pursued the cross-examination vigorously. He questioned the spokesman for the Health Department closely on the matter of whether the state agency or the AEC has jurisdiction over the radiological effects of the plant. He said, during this cross-examination that frequently officials do not carry out calculations on the results of low-probability accidents because they do not want to have to give the answer if asked under oath. Belser's close questioning of the witness frequently brought Duke's lawyers to their feet, sometimes in tandem, to protest his tactics.

Belser led his witnesses into pointing out that once a nuclear plant is permitted to come to South Carolina, it is then beyond the reach of the enforcement powers of any South Carolina agency. One particularly dramatic moment in the questioning came when Belser and Owen fenced over semantics for several minutes. Belser wanted Owen to discuss the exact amount of experience utilities had had with similar reactor vessels. Owen finally said there were probably 14 or 15 others of the same type in existence.

Belser: "And how many are in operation?"

Owen: "One."

Throughout their testimony and their cross-examinations the Duke officials offered their sworn opinion that the construction of the Lake Wylie plant is essential and practical. They defended their growth rate predictions and methods; they defended their cost-benefit analysis; and they defended themselves as representatives of the best interests of a public facing a long-term energy crisis. As Owen summarized: "Our environmental studies to date indicate that Catawba Nuclear Station will be environmentally compatible in all significant respects; will fully conform to current environmental quality standards of the cognizant governmental regulatory agencies, and any adverse environmental impact will be minimal when compared to alternative modes of generating electricity."

The issues involved in the Catawba Plant are clear-cut, if the answers are not: Does Duke (and its service area) need another generating plant?And if so, does it have to be a nuclear plant?And if it is a nuclear plant, does it have to be located at Lake Wylie?The details are frightening complex.

South Carolina is moving rapidly, indeed more rapidly than many other states, into the nuclear age. We will have three nuclear generating stations in operation if the Catawba Plant is built, (there is presently one in Hartsville and one in the Oconee area.) Allied Gulf Nuclear Services is presently building a controversial nuclear fuel reprocessing plant in Barnwell and Westinghouse is building one in Anderson. There are presently no other commercial nuclear fuel reprocessing plants in the United States.

Yet, at the same time that nuclear proponents are encouraging this growth, there are voices with just as much authority and just as much responsibility calling for a halt. Senator Mike Gravel of Alaska (certainly no soft-headed, anti-energy freak: he introduced the bill that secured the Alaska pipeline) has introduced federal legislation that would call for a national moratorium on the construction and operation of nuclear plants. Ralph Nader has recently taken 20 nuclear power plants to court for alleged violations of safety codes (one of those is in South Carolina). Even some of the utility owners are opposing nuclear electric generating plants. Consolidated Edison of New York has called into question the relative efficiency of nuclear plants in the long-run because of the high cost of maintenance.

Dr. Gregg, in a last appeal to the commission and to Duke Power, said, "We may or may not need a plant. If we need one, we should have one with the least risk attached. Have you considered the possibility that the public would accept a small rate increase if they could do without the danger of a nuclear plant? Why not figure in the possible human cost in your benefit-cost analysis." He received no direct answer. That is the type of question experts find difficult to answer.

During one of the lunch breaks, Dr. Gregg discussed alternatives to nuclear and even coal-fired electrical plants. "You know," he mused "even windmills would work on the ocean to supply electrical energy."

Windmills—now what would Don Quixote say to that?

Re-electing the Senator

by Tim Rogers

The safest political bet you can make these days about 1974 is that Fritz Hollings will be re-elected to the U.S. Senate. That event will be viewed as a great personal triumph by the 5l-year-old Charlestonian, marking his twentieth anniversay in state and national politics. In conventional terms, he will have reached a level of achievement to which many aspire, but few realize.

Elected to the state legislature at the tender age of 26, serving two terms as one of the youngest members of the House of Representatives ever to hold the title of Speaker Pro Tem, Hollings ran successfully for Lieutenant Governor in 1954, and four years later was elected Governor. In 1962, he sought to unseat incumbent Senator Olin Johnston, but was soundly beaten. Following Johnston's death three years later, Hollings ran again for the seat in a special election, obtained the endorsement of the Johnston family, and emerged victorious from tough primary and general election fights.

Two years later, Hollings won re-election to a full six-year term. Re-election to a second full term will be like making your second million. In short, Hollings will have arrived, stamped with the legitimacy of public approval, moving clearly into the first rank of big-time Palmetto state politicos, past and present.

But beyond that, Fritz Hollings' re-election will have greater significance. For unlike any other man on that exclusive list, Fritz Hollings is a product of that half-mythical, half-real, socio-political phenomenon known as the "New South." In other words, Hollings will not only have made it, he will have made it as a liberal. Of course, there will be no ideological hoopla; Hollings is no Ralph Yarborough or Henry Howell. Indeed, Hollings is no populist. But he is a liberal, whether he will admit it or not. And because he has proved that you can be a liberal and still be highly successful, South Carolina politics will never be the same again.

One reason for Hollings' success is his ability to capitalize on his unique position. "It may sound corny," commented one Hollings partisan, "but a lot of people are just sort of proud of Fritz. It's often a kind of grudging pride, and folks get mad as hell at him sometimes, but they do respect him. He's definitely a Southerner, but he's also good-looking, urbane and sophisticated. Now, there's still no great love down here for that Eastern liberal establishment, but it's good to know that we've got Fritz who can go up there and hobnob around with the best of 'em. Besides, deep down in their hearts, folks know Fritz is just a good old boy who's gonna watch out for the best interests of South Carolina."

Hollings' ascendancy as a liberal United States Senator would have been less likely, of course, had not race passed from the scene as an overt political issue. Like virtually every other white Southern politician over 30, Hollings began his career as an avowed segregationist. His biographical sketch appearing in the state legislative manual the year of his election as Governor, for example, proudly lists among his other merits his chairmanship of the Special Committee to Study State Tax Structure and Provide for Segregated Schools.

Yet the issue has dissipated in South Carolina largely as a result of John West's victory over Albert Watson in the 1970 gubernatorial election. To the extent that Hollings campaigned vigorously for West, the Junior Senator is more than a passive beneficiary of the change.

Almost from the beginning, Hollings set out to build a progressive image in the Senate. There have been blunders; his opposition to the confirmation of Justice Thurgood Marshall to the Supreme Court, for one, was probably unnecessary and certainly embarrassing. Generally, however, Hollings' performance has been impressive. Beginning with his vote for the Cooper-Church Amendment in 1970, Hollings staked himself out as a strong opponent to Administration war policies in Southeast Asia. He has also opposed foreign aid measures, and is on record in favor of a substantial reduction of U.S. forces in Europe. As his re-election campaign nears, Hollings has not backed off on foreign policy issues, even to the point of quite noticeable conflict with the views of Third District Congressman Bryan Dorn, a hawk and leading contender for the state Democratic Party's nomination for Governor.

Domestically, Hollings has been a strong supporter if anti-poverty neasures, and has literally made a name for himself on the specific issue of hunger and malnutrition. Not even Senator McGovern can claim better credentials on that point.

Though largely responsible for the post-1960 wave of industrial development in the state, Hollings has developed into a pretty strong advocate for environmentalist causes in the Senate. He did recently vote for the Alaskan pipeline, but he chairs the subcommittee in the Senate most concerned with oceanographic research and conservation, and he was unafraid to tip the balance in the ecologists' favor on the much-heralded BASF controversy in Beaufort County.

In the process of all this, Hollings has enjoyed growing notice and respect within the national Party and the liberal establishment. He is, of course, a great within the Senate and around the country. He is a hard-working Senator, and that is appreciated. In 1972, Hollings served with notable success as chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, stumping extensively for Democratic Senate candidates in a number of states. He relished the opportunity to deliver numerous pot shots and cheap shots at Richard Nixon, a long-time arch-enemy.

Hollings is particularly close to the Kennedy clan, and that has caused him some political grief in times past. Then Governor Hollings' vigorous campaigning for Jack Kennedy helped carry South Carolina for the Democrats in 1960; Bobby was a closer Hollings buddy than many realize, and helped lead the Senator into his commitment on the hunger issue. The friendship continues with Teddy, and Fritz has already brought the Massachusetts Senator twice into the state for speaking engagements.

In light of the relationship with the Kennedy family, discussion of Hollings' possible future in national politics has been inevitable. This kind of stuff comes a dime a bushel, of course, but mention of Hollings on a national ticket has gone beyond casual speculation. One regional political observer noted, "Beyond Wallace, there would be no better Southern balance for a ticket with Kennedy on top, then Hollings. Only (Florida Senator Lawton) Chiles has as good a record, but Chiles was never a Governor, and has much less experience under fire. None of the Governors, other than Wallace, has Hollings' mileage. Besides, Ted Kennedy knows Hollings, and likes him. That always helps."

One problem with a Kennedy-Hollings ticket could be the anxiety problem certain to surface at the '76 convention over the perverted reality of Kennedy's physical vulnerability—both during and after the campaign. Delegates, particularly those from the Party's left, are likely to be unusually scrutinizing and temperamental in the search for a Vice-Presidential candidate. They will certainly want to be satisfied that, should the unspeakable occur, the number-two man could be counted on not to re-direct things so drastically as once transpired.

As Ted Kennedy moves closer to the point of no return for '76, the prospect of a Kennedy-Hollings ticket is more and more on the minds of serious Hollings partisans. All the standard disclaimers are there, of course. Some are sincere and logical. Fritz has to worry about his own re-election, obviously. It's a long way to '74, and even longer to '76. And the increasing rapidity with which political circumstances are prone to radical change must taint all speculation.

Other protestations are more feeble, however. Such is the contention from one Hollings confidant that as of now, ideological divergences would force Fritz to decline an invitation to be Kennedy's running mate. Picture Ted Kennedy placing that call to Fritz Hollings the morning after, to ask the magic question. 'Sorry, Ted, but you're too far out on busing, and besides, I just can't hack that national health insurance plan of yours. My conscience wouldn't permit it.' Right. Then they would all skip off to lunch with the Easter Bunny.

All Mother Goosemanship aside, the Hollings people respond quickly in the affirmative when asked if the Senator has the capacity for national leadership. Going further, they all agree that Fritz would be disposed to a national campaign--under the right circumstances. And although no one talks much about it, everyone understands that a substantial Hollings victory in '74, liberal voting record and all, could just be the key to making it possible.

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Hollings' secret to success is a combination of personal appeal, an independent political base, and highly conscientious and effective homework. In short, Hollings is a very professional politician. He has developed an astute appreciation for the fundamentals of the game, and has mastered them well.

Exemplary of the Hollings system is his staff structure. According to at least one Senate watcher, Hollings has one of the five best staffs on the Hill. Fritz is a strong believer in a large in-state staff operation, however, and has made sacrifices in the size of his Washington budget to have a bigger set-up back home. In the South, only Lawton Chiles of Florida has as large an in-state office expenditure.

At the head of Hollings' South Carolina staff is a former Olin Johnston operative, Bernard Meng. "Bubba," as he likes to be called, is short, stocky, and aggressively friendly. Meng oversees a staff of nine. Larry Thompson, just out of the University of South Carolina, manages Hollings' Charleston office. Doug Dent, recent USC Law School graduate and youth Vice-Chairman of the state Democratic Party, runs the Spartanburg office. Working out of Columbia with Meng is Milton Greene, black former Project Director with the Columbia Urban League. Meng, Greene, Thompson and Dent each spend at least two days a week on the road--handling individual requests for assistance of every imaginable variety, keeping in touch with Hollings partisans, and gathering political intelligence.

Meng's Columbia office is like a transplanted chunk of Washingtonia--thick, gold pile carpet, overstuffed sofas and chairs, substantial desks, seals and autographed pictures hanging everywhere, Muzak lolling in your ears. Meng sat behind his substantial desk last week, and talked about things.

"We have a big state operation. The Senator wants it that way. You've got to make yourself available. We've got, I think, a very good organization in every county, and when problems crop up, they know they can call us and we'll be there.

"For example, last week a fellow who is a businessman down in Manning called; he was a classmate of Fritz', and has been a good friend. I had just gotten in from three days on the road. He said, 'I need you down here.'

"Well, first of all, I know he wouldn't have called me unless he really needed me. So I said, 'When?' and he said 'Right now.' Well, inside thirty minutes, I was in the car and on the way down there.

"Now, we have a lot of good friends who are farmers, and the Senator knew this. Particularly in Clarendon County, the lower end of Sumter County and part of Williamsburg County, they have just had rain constantly this year. And all their tobacco crops were flooded and literally rotting in the fields.

"They had at the time, I think, six federal crop insurance adjusters in the state, and right down there, they had 820 claims. There was just no way six people could handle the situation. These farmers were waiting to see what they could do--whether they could plow it up, plant soybeans, this kind of stuff. Well, to most people that might be a little problem. But to that farmer, it's the biggest damn problem he's got. And when you help people out like that, you know, they don't forget it.

"Our basic philosophy is that if you take care of the little problems, then the big problems--the elections--will take care of themselves. I would be willing to say that an incumbant Senator, who has done his homework well, starts off any election with at least a 25% advantage."

Okay, but homework isn't the whole story. How can a guy like Hollings stake himself out so far in front and survive?

"There are controversial stands that the Senator has taken. For example, Vietnam. Cambodia. But Fritz is a pragmatist, and he considers each issue on its own merits. At the time, some of these positions have created problems, but as we get further on down the road, now, people are beginning to say, 'you know, maybe Fritz was right all along.' Fortunately, there have been issues which have come up on which Fritz has been able to take more popular stands. The Administration proposing to rebuild North Vietnam, for example. My Jesus, I don't know of a soul that's for that, do you? I think the vote was 98 to nothing in the Senate?

"I think that in South Carolina and all around the country, the people are of a mind now that it's time for our government to gear itself to help our own people first. Worry about our problems here at home. Forget all this constant giveaway abroad--I'm talking about foreign aid, I'm talking about rebuilding North Vietnam, I'm talking about the Vietnam War. I think they

are opposed to some of it, but I'm talking about the massive abuses we've had in our foreign aid programs over the years. This is an area where the Senator has been very vocal, very conservative, you might say.

"On the domestic scene, the Senator feels that we do have tremendous problems, but also that we do have the money and the resources, if we pull our horns in abroad, to solve these problems here at home.

"Now, the Senator has been out in front, and it has caused him some problems. But Fritz Hollings has never ducked an issue, and he has never been afraid to take a progressive position. Just like when he was Governor, I can remember when he got the first second-hand airplane the state ever had, to go out and seek industry. He was severely criticized. But look at the state today.

"When we first started out on this food stamp business, it was awfully unpopular, and he caught a lot of flack. People said, 'Aw, he's just doing that for votes,' and this kind of stuff. I can tell you that I know that not to be the truth. There was and is simply a firm commitment in his heart that such conditions should not exist.

"And he makes sense. I've heard him say a thousand times, we've been treating the symptoms, the results, rather than the causes. We've got three mental institutions here in the state, and for every nine patients it costs the taxpayer a million dollars. There are 490 on the waiting list. We're getting ready to build a new penal institution, to house all the prisoners. What we need to be doing is getting to the children, and giving them the chance to become healthy productive citizens.

"And we're talking about an elderly person 65 or older living on $80 per month. That's disgraceful. There's no reason in the world, when you look at the billions of dollars that we spend everywhere else, that we should allow that situation to exist here. That's exactly what he's saying--we out to take care of our own."

"Any good legislator, public official, is going to create himself some problems, or else he's no good. A politician in the right sense of the word has got to be a leader. It's his job to project down the road further than the average citizen does or can. It's his job to see and know the needs better than the average citizen. Fritz has done things he felt had to be done, and in retrospect, I think probably it was logical. Maybe another politician couldn't have survived, I don't know...."

Predictably, Meng was positive but vague when asked about '74.

"Well, I think we're going to win.

"Aw, hell, you know as well as I do, there have been all kinds of people that were interested in running against Fritz. They've conducted polls, and those polls have indicated that we're in pretty good shape, evidently."

Because they seem to be backing off now?

"That's right."

What sort of opposition are you expecting, then?

"We're operating under the assumption that we're going to have serious opposition in the primary and from the Republicans."

Okay, but be objective.

"I am being objective. You're asking me honestly if I think it could develop, and I'm telling you honestly I think it could develop."

From whom?

"Lots of people. McNair--I don't think I should throw out names. It's just that there is a lot of time between now and the elections. A lot can happen. If we should make some kind of massive error, a lot of people could jump in. What I'm saying is, we going to be ready for whatever may develop. I think we are ready now."

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When Don Fowler bemoans his failure to get more Democratic office holders to work more closely in and through the Party apparatus, he's talking about Fritz Hollings--among others. Hollings has built and maintained an independent base of support. He predates the Fowler era, of course, and needed votes to turn back strong Republican challenges before the modern Party structure had really become established. Indeed, the Party structure opposed Hollings' primary campaign in '66.

That he has maintained an arms-length, though friendly relationship with the state Party organization is probably one reason for Hollings' boldness. Would he have been able to liberate himself so easily on foreign policy, for example, had he to square it first with the doctrinal mold of the "home team?" Others--McNair, for instance--have been much more cautious.

But Hollings has not tried to build a faction around himself. He is a political loner, a maverick. He has consistently courted and gotten a significant number of conservative, white, even Republican votes. That is a function of his personal style of politics. "These people can't be delivered or bargained off to someone else (other Democratic candidates); they would resent our trying to do it," noted one Hollings' aide. After all, factions are cumbersome, and risky. If you can make it yourself, why complicate things? As for the Progressives, they will have to be content with only indirect support from the junior Senator, to show what can be done, and by his success to give lie to the proposition that measured moderation is the only way.

Fritz has lost some of his conservative support, but not that much. He has firmly captured the left in the state; both old and new guard blacks like him (with some notable exceptions), labor likes him, and the moderate-liberal white middle class likes him. The ideologues may not be enamored of Fritz--because, to reiterate, he's no populist. He is an establishment liberal. He believes in progress.

Who can beat him? Some have said Westmoreland might have a shot, but the General doesn't appear anxious, and such a major challenge seems less likely now.

One Hollings' lieutenant claims the faithful are spoiling for a good fight. Why? Well, it's been six years since the machinery was last tested. A number of Hollings' followers were active in the West campaign, but most considered it boring.

There is a need for more than token opposition, or the threat of it, to keep the organization in trim. It's always possible to get too comfortable and become overconfident. The Hollings people learned that the hard way in 1966 between the primary, in which Hollings demolished self-appointed incumbent Donald Russell, and the general election, where he squeaked by Republican Marshall Parker with only 11,000 votes to spare.

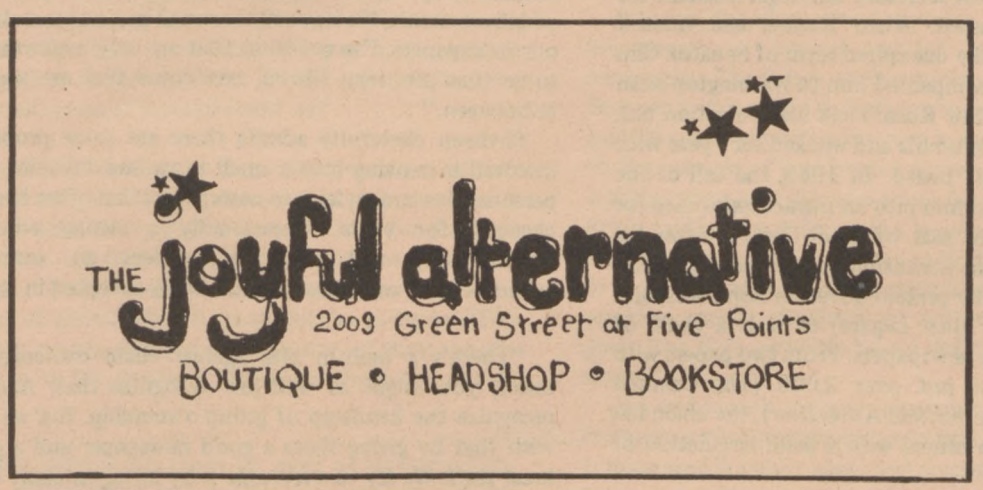
There are also an ample number of casualties lying around to remind what happens to liberal Southern Democratic Senators who let down their guard: Tydings of Maryland, Gore of Tennessee, and Yarborough of Texas are examples.

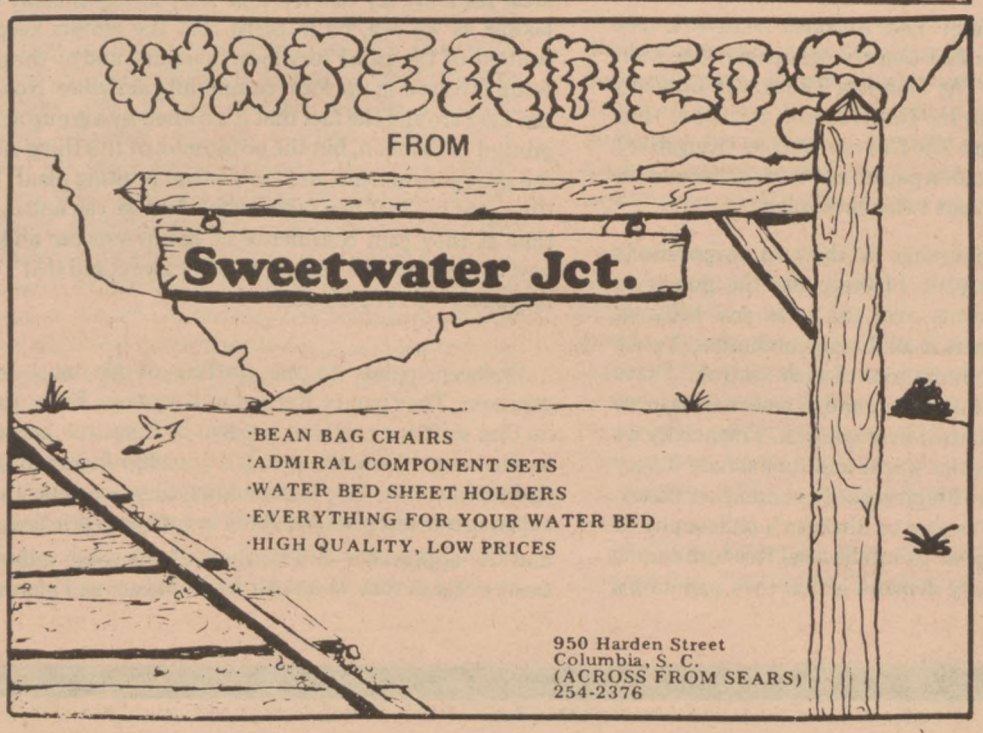
A final factor floating around in the collective psyche of the Hollings camp is Watergate. Every day the scandal escalates, and the skepticism, cynicism and pique of the people toward all politicians become more prevalent. Especially hard driving, ambitious politicians--the picture of Fritz Hollings, though mellowed somewhat over the years.

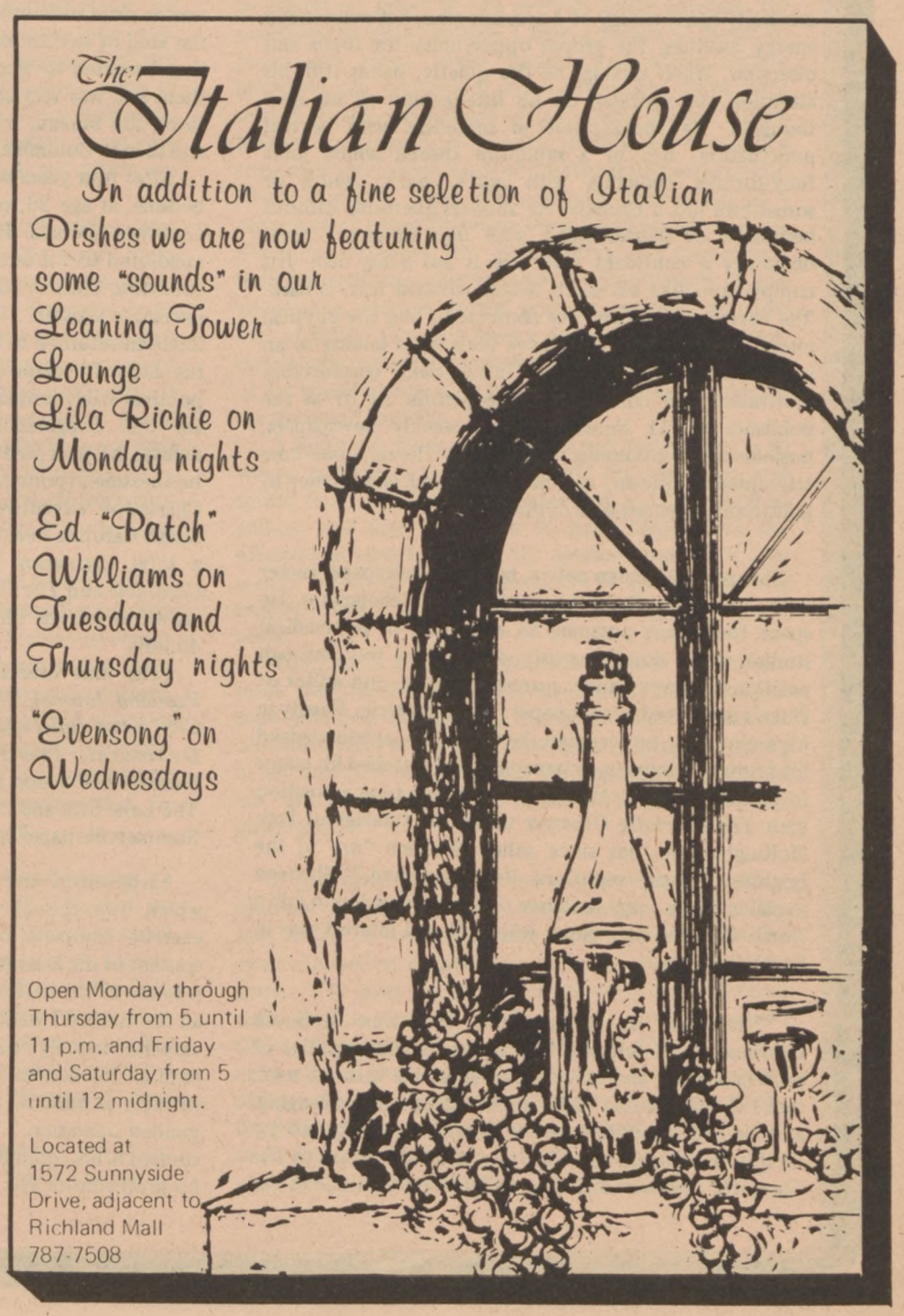
The latest Gallop Poll shows opinion in the South on whether Nixon is lying about Watergate, to be evenly split. This is a drastic change, to say the least, and has to have created a good many political schizophrenics.

Hollings is not unaware of the larger threat to the system. He recently told a *Los Angeles Times* reporter, "It's a dangerous time for all of us in government. The people don't see any solutions. They don't see any leadership."

So the strategy now is to play it very cool. Things are looking pretty good for Fritz Hollings at the moment. Many of his earlier liberal adventures have been vindicated, his personal popularity within the state appears high, and his stock nationally is also up. With any luck, he should be headed for a solid victory next fall. Beyond that, who knows? After all, Spiro Agnew made it, right?



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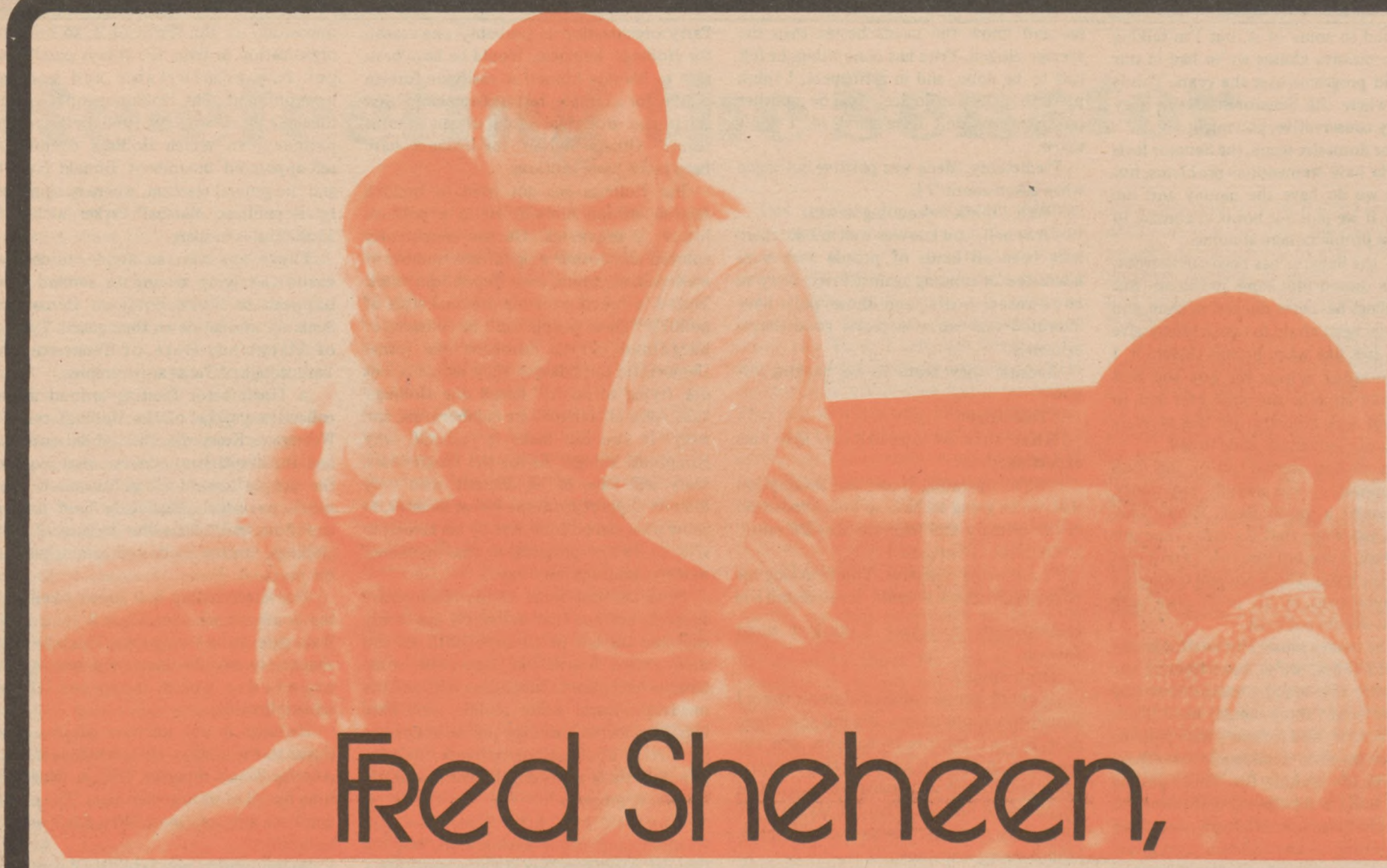

Fred Sheheen,

Publisher–Politician

by Jon Buchan

Fred R. Sheheen exudes energy. It is not the carelessly-spent energy of a nervous man, but asuspended energy awaiting the proper opportunity for focus and direction. When talking, he sits quietly, hands still, his attention concentrated on his listener and on his own thoughts. He speaks, not in sentences with normal punctuation, but in a rapid-fire speech which joins fully-formed thoughts with *and*'s, *but*'s, *now*'s or sometimes just a chuckle. He answers questions without hesitation or pauses filled with *uh*'s or *ah*'s : he is obviously a confident man. He is not a big man. His complexion, like his short, neatly combed hair, is dark. The energy and confidence combine to blur the physical image, however, and a listener feels he is talking to an individual comfortably influential, comfortably motivated, and comfortably prosperous. At 37--as the publisher of 11 South Carolina weekly newspapers, businessman, columnist, suspected liberal, one-time attempted politician, and now confidant and adviser to politicians--Sheheen is all of these.

Sheheen, a Camden native, began his newspaper career while attending Duke University on a scholarship. He spent four years pursuing an education in pre-medical studies while simultaneously working his way through positions as news editor, managing editor, and editor of Duke's semi-weekly newspaper, *The Chronicle*. Finally in his senior year, he accepted the inevitable, acknowledged his primary interest in newspapers, and switched his major to political science. After Duke, Sheheen took a position with *The Charlotte Observer* under the tutelage of Pete McKnight, who has since called Sheheen "one of the brightest young reporters I've ever had." Sheheen explains, in his mega-sentence style, this decision to join a North Carolina newspaper when his real interest was in South Carolina.

"There was no newspaper at that time in South Carolina that I felt like had the sufficient qualities of professionalism and viewpoint compatible with my own, that I thought would make it interesting and challenging, and we had subscribed to *The Charlotte Observer* all my lifetime in Camden, and *The State*, and I subscribed to *The Charlotte Observer* at Duke, and I think it is one of the finest papers in the Southeast and I just decided that that was as close to South Carolina as I could get and work in the kind of environment and for the kind of organization that I wanted to work for, so I did, I went to work for them and was very shortly sent to Rock Hill to open the Rock Hill bureau, which put me back in South Carolina, and then to Columbia for the Columbia bureau."

After four years with *The Charlotte Observer*, Sheheen became, at age 26, press secretary and legal assistant for Governor Donald Russell. When Russell had himself appointed to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Olin Johnston, Sheheen accompanied him to Washington as an executive assistan . When Russell lost his re-election bid, Sheheen returned to Columbia and worked for a year with the State Development Board. In 1968, the call of the political wilds tempted him into an unsuccessful race for the U.S. Congressional seat of Tom Gettys. After his defeat, he accepted an invitation to join several other businessmen (principally present governor John West and Charleston executive Allen Legare) to start a chain of South Carolina weekly newspapers. From two papers with a total circulation of just over 3,000 (*The Camden Chronicle* and *The Chesterfield Advertiser*), the chain has grown to include nine others with a total circulation of 45,000.

(The nine others are: *The Kershaw News-Era*, *The Pageland Journal*, *The Lee County Messenger*, *The Lake City News and Post*, *The Manning Times*, *the Berkeley Democrat*, *The North Charleston Banner*, *The Summerville Scene*, and *The County Record* (Kingstree). The Lake City and Camden papers are tri-weeklies and the Summerville paper appears twice each week.

As president and publisher of the two corporations which own the 11 papers, Sheheen has the power to exercise complete control over the news and editorial content of the local papers in all thesecommunities. Yet he is aware of the natural limitations of such control. "I have all the control I want. Editorially and in news coverage we exercise virtually no control over content. Financially we have all the control in the world and do exercise it very strongly to make it a profitable smooth-running economy-minded operation." The key to Sheheen's philosophy of control is his commitment to intellectual freedom among his local editors. His only demand is that they maintain a concentration on local news and issues. His weekly column, which circulates in all 11 papers, is frequently far more startling to the local readers thatn are the editorial offerings of his individual editors.

"We have a very tolerant viewpoint about intellectual freedom in our organization, and if they want to disagree with my column, it suits me fine. And I disagree with them, sometimes, too. It just enhances our credibility because people believe we aren't telling them what to do, which we aren't. We have editors of all persuasions editing our newspapers. I've got some that are very conservative, some that are very liberal, and some that are sort of in-between."

Sheheen cheerfully admits there are some problems involved in moving into a small town and injecting new personalities and styles into newspapers that often haven't changed for years. Occasionally a strong editorial commentary will cost his papers an outraged advertisement cancellation, but that's accepted in stride.

"There's a built-in bias against chain ownership. I mean, you might as well just recognize that. And we recognize the handicap of group ownership. But we deal with that by giving them a good newspaper and a good local staff. We try to overcome it by hiring as many local people as we can, by insisting that the editors keep the content of the paper very local in nature, and by the paper being involved in the local community activities. Now you can't get around the fact that it's owned by a group and it's printed in Camden, but the economics of this thing dictate the group ownership and the central printing plant. If, as time goes by, that bias fades away. And we can notice each time as they gain confidence in the newspaper under its new ownership. We can see it f-a-d-e away, and that's what happens everywhere."

Sheheen points to the staffing of his most recent purchase, The County Record in Kingstree, Every person on that staff is a native or resident of Kingstree, according to Sheheen. "Now the group ownership factor militates against us, but the tremendous improvement that is experienced when we put them in a modern printing plant and the appearance and content of the paper militate in favor of us so that we do get some plusses and minusses."

'We have a very tolerant viewpoint about intellectual freedom d if they want to disagree with my column, it suits me fine'..."

While Sheheen, as publisher, takes a day to day interest in his papers ("I cling desperately to my column as the last vestige of my journalistic endeavors."), Governor West offers little participation at all, Sheheen says. West's interests are being held in trust during his term as governor. "It causes some problems for him and some for us. And we've learned to live with the problems. He was in the newspaper business long before he ever became governor and he'll be in the newspaper business long after his term as governor is over. The newspapers operate independently of the governor's office or the governor's participation or influence in them, and people have learned that, some of them the hard way. "

"Actually, from time to time, the newspaper editors with their vigorous independence, take a few swipes at him. You can't have good people working for you and worry about all those things. If you're going to have intelligent, active people who have viewpoints on questions of public interest, then they're going to differ with other people and just because one of those people happens to be the governor, there's nothing you can do about it."

Sheheen himself has given up most of his journalistic instincts to concentrate on the management of the financial aspects of the newspaper business. His ready acknowledgment of his company's plans for future growth is a warning not to be ignored by his potential competitors. Sheheen can be a tough fighter in a showdown. His purchase of *The Lake City News* led him into a "this town isn't big enough for the two of us" confrontation with the owner of *The Lake City Pos t*, who refused Sheheen's offer to buy him out. Sheheen increased the frequency of his paper to three times a week and commented at the time, with complete confidence, that it was only a matter of time before the *Post* sold out or went broke. Sheheen's Lake City paper is now called the *News and Post*.

Sheheen acknowledges the probability that his company will seek more capital at some point in the future by selling its stock publicly. "We definitely plan to grow more. We anticipate it (selling stock) at some point, but it won't be next year. We're interested in any newspaper property that might come on the market--even dailies-but I have no idea that *The Florence Morning News*, for example, is going to come on the market any time soon. There is a lot of speculation in the newspaper industry about the *Florence Morning News*, but I don't know of any change in the status quo over there. We've looked at a number of dailies inside and outside the state, as a matter of fact. Not big dailies, because they are not within our range of interests in many ways."

The nationwide trend among small community newspapers is toward central printing and chain ownership. The future of the community newspaper, in Sheheen's vision, lies in keeping local government in the spotlight and provoking interest in local issues. He points to the example of the Camden paper's diligent coverage of a controversy over day care funds for Kershaw County. "I don't think that without the local newspaper, it would have gone forward." He hopes in the future to have a staff to cover statewide news and route it to all his papers. "The weeklies cannot duplicate or replace the metropolitan press, but they certainly have a definite role on the local scene."

Beyond his role as a newspaperman and publisher, Fred Sheheen is vitally interested in public issues. For one who is interested in public issues and change, there must always be an overrirding interest in politics, because politics is the business (or game) of change in a democratic society. Sheheen attracted state-wide attention in 1972 when his 11 papers ran his column in which he supported George McGovern for President. Actually, his first choice was Muskie, but when McGovern won the nomination, he loyally supported the Democratic nominee.

"I elected to support the Democratic nominee simply because I thought the Nixon Administration's record on many questions, but principally on the question of racial justice, was insufficient. I think Nixon turned around many of the progressive moves and emphases in the field of racial justice that had been started by the two previous Democratic administrations. And regardless of all the other issues, to me that's a very important ethical and moral issue and I was not satisfied with his record on that score."

Sheheen, however, does not necessarily categorize himself as a "liberal South Carolinian." "My viewpoint on many national questions of public interest is considered to be liberal by many of my peers in South Carolina. On questions of state interest, I have a record of liberal or progressive views where human and social welfare programs are concerned, but conservative views with respect to the expenditure of taxpayers' money. I don't believe the taxpayers' money should be frivolously expended and I think much of it *is* frivolously expended in South Carolona while vital needs go unattended. So I oppose many expenditures on the state and local level. (He offered as examples: "the Tricentennial, the tremendous building complexes that are always being thought up and undertaken, many historical projects, pageants, and that sort of thing.") I would favor a diversion of more money into human and social needs and educational needs instead of the apparent ease with which we fritter away money on the tinsel and the frills.

"I think our sense of priorities and perspectives is all wrong in South Carolina. We build big coliseums, and sports fields and historical museums and tricentennial palaces and then we refuse to pour money into the educational system or into the welfare program or into mental health or human needs. We're always throwing money around on highways and ignoring the human needs.

"Investment in human resources is much better and I think that ought to be put at the head of the line. I just remember how they spent $12 million on the tricentennial celebration and at the same time had a helluva time trying to get $500,000 for the public kindergarten program. To me, that is so asisine. That order of things, I just don't understand."

In the early days of moving toward racial justice, Sheheen found himself on many bi-racial commissions long before it was respectable to be there. He sees the symbolic battles as past, the complex, gradual ones to come. "The great and pioneering moves in breaking down racial barriers have been made. Let's face it. There aren't any more restaurants that are segregated, there aren't any more schools that are segregated, there aren't any more colleges that are segregated, and the private clubs and the few little private academies are the last bastions and if they want to hem themselves in with people of their own prejudice, who cares? That's the way I look at it.

"Whatever his label, Fred Sheheen is a constructive critic, one that inspires confidence we can be better..."

"What's left is the gradual, tough, long battle for economic and educational and social equality and that is going to take time, but it's occurring, in my view. I think there are still roadblocks to be removed, but I don't think the solid massive barriers exist any more, because I go to too many meetings in my own hometown and in Columbia where blacks are there as a matter of course. The trauma that we once experienced when a single black student entered Clemson University sounds like a ridiculous notion now."

The political circles in which Fred Sheheen has usually moved have always included the progressives of the day. Sheheen has been longtime friends with both John West and Earle Morris, both
of whom have had national publicity as the beacons of the "Progressive New South." Sheheen was one of the two representatives who attended the initial gathering of southern progressives interested in creating what eventually became the L.Q.C. Lamar Society, an organization for promoting progressive leadership in the South. Sheheen proved a bit too progressive for them, however, and elected not to join the group. He had hoped to form a politically active society which would provide financial and manpower support to progressive political candidates. Deciding he was tired of joining study groups, he quietly departed.

Sheheen, an unimpeachable Democrat, is quite aware of the growing strength and influence of the Republican party in the South, particularly in states such as North Carolina where the party has shown signs of progressive leadership and has not been dominated by "southern strategy" Republicans. He agrees that the adoption of a more progressive stance by the Republican Party would be the only way for it to "pose a really serious threat. But I don't think you have to worry about the Republican Party in South Carolina adopting a progressive stance.

"South Carolina's Democratic Party at this point is a sort of hangover from the old one-party system. I think it has a more moderate-to-liberal cast in South Carolina than the Republican Party. And I feel more comfortable in it, but then I've never been a South Carolina Democrat. I'm just a Democrat, period, I don't qualify my membership."

The economic development and industrialization which have swept South Carolina in the past 10 years have been well-timed, in Sheheen's view, at a time when "we've learned the lessons of zoning, environmental protection, and excessive concentrations of people and economic development. We have been very fortunate that our development didn't come until after these other tough problems had occurred in other parts of the country." Despite the benefits of this economic development, Sheheen feels the state has many problems yet to solve.

"The single largest remaining problem in South Carolina in my view is the uplifting of that unfortunate portion of the population which does not have decent housing, decent health care, decent education, decent diet, decent cultural opportunity. And I think that South Carolina's tax resources, and her imagination and her talents and everything else ought to be directed to that purpose. That's partly a racial problem because many of these people are black. But it's more than a racial problem and until we are willing to dedicate our resources, our talents, and our energies to that problem, we're never going to achieve the kind of community and the kind of state we ought to have. But many people in South Carolina are against lending assistance. I don't know why it is. In the final analysis, he's thein South Carolina are against lending assistance. I don't know why it is. In the final analysis, he's only holding himself back, because those that we don't educate and provide with decent employment opportunity will inevitably be supported by the taxpayers who are working. So it's in their best interests to solve the problem. And I think people will react to the proper leadership."

Sheheen is aware that not everyone shares his concept of responsible representative government. Questioned about the tendency of the South Carolina legislature to respond to the needs of special interests rather than to the real needs of the general public, he said, "That danger always exists. I see it diminishing because I think that the public is becoming more aware of such dangers--both at the state and the national level. One tremendous safeguard against that is open public meetings and open public affairs and that's why we have to insist on it in South Carolina.

"With every public agency I've ever served on I have always voted for public sessions and never voted to close them except for discussion of salaries and hiring personnel. The reason for it is that it's awfully hard to maintain special interests under the glare of publicity. And I think that more of that in South Carolina would be helpful. If the dailies (newspapers) in South Carolina were more aggressive in this respect, we'd have a healthier government climate in South Carolina."

Whatever his label, Fred Sheheen is a constructive critic of South Carolina, one who inspires confidence that we can shape our future to meet the promises of a more humane, fuller life for all South Carolinians. He is part newspaperman, part businessman, part educator (a member of the South Carolina Commission on Higher Education) and part politician. He knows all these facets are essential to ultimate political change and has never ruled out future ventures into elective politics. *Charlotte Observer* editor Pete MxKnight said recently of Sheheen: "He didn't want to go up North and write bad things about his state. He wanted to get into the system and help it change."

Sheheen himself perhaps best capsules his own personality and beliefs. "I have just always made it a policy to be honest without regard to where that place me. Now it so happens that it places me in the minds of a lot of people in the sort of liberal camp. But that doesn't amke any difference to me. I'm just being honest and I don't give a damn where it places me.

"My viewpoint may not be the majority viewpoint on many issues--though it is on many issues-- but I just think that's where my intellectual processes have led me. Whoever wants to come along or whoever I find myself in company with, that suits me fine."

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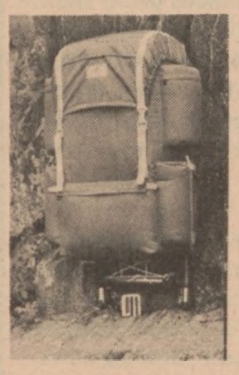

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The Arts

This year's "Mein Kampf"

"...'Walking Tall' is quite possibly the most patently evil 125 minutes of slush-headed propagandistic smut ever..."

by Gary Ligi

Supreme Court decision notwithstanding, "pornography" is used in its elemental sense to denote any attempt to arouse or focus attention upon a person's baser desires. In America, we have come to confuse pornography with sexual explicitness and, consequently, have seen fit to "protect" the public from itself by denying it access (at least regionally and/or temporarily) to the horrific malignancies of a *Naked Lunch*, a *Deep Throat* and Picasso's lithographs, even going so far as to black out the genitals on picture-postcard reproductions of ancient artworks we have perpetually imprisoned in our museums. Simultaneous with keeping our eyes ever-ready for pubic hair, frontal nudity, and penetration, and our ears for unacceptable vocabularies, we have sanctioned such totally pernicious sources of pornography as advertising, state-of-the-union addresses, professional sports, stock market reports, *ad nauseam*. And now we are offered *Walking Tall* possibly the most patently evil 125 minutes of slush-headed, celluloid propagandistic smut ever visited upon the American people.

From BCP Productions, whose previous sojourns into box-office success include *Willard* and *Ben*, *Walking Tall* is being billed as this year's *Billy Jack* by theatres from coast to coast. It's not.

It's this year's *Mein Kampf*.

Billy Jack was a sleeper. Initially ignored by the critics, or brushed aside with a few caustic comments, it also had to overcome the total absence of a promotional campaign—a fact that prompted *Billy Jack*'s writer/producer/director/actor Tom Laughlin lin, to file suit against the film's distributor. Beyond this, *Billy Jack* had to contend with the reality that it had more in common with *The Night of the Living Dead* than it did with the typical Hollywood fare. It was poorly paced, laden with embarrassingly amateurish performances, seemed to have very little directional authority, and was at times sentimental to the point of maudlinism. Somehow, though, these flaws ultimately succeeded in reinforcing the film's real strength.

Billy Jack's power lay in its idea. Here was a picture about a violent ex-Green Beret, a half-breed at odds with white American society, protecting a school full of children of *all* races and creeds from the stupidity, ignorance, bigotry, and cruelty of everyday America. Billy Jack was the loner, the outcast, the misfit, the archetypal saint allied this time with a god alive in the pre-white American soil—a god of violent retribution, of vengeance—never an aggressor, always a defender. He could be killed or jailed, but never destroyed, never silenced. And, at the end of the film, when Billy Jack finally surrenders to "the authorities," he does so out of love for another human being, not because he is beaten, not because he believes he has done any wrong. There is never any question as to where Billy Jack's humanity lies. He *is* humanity.

True, many went to see Billy Jack draw blood and many may have missed the message, but at least the message is there—the same message George Bernard Shaw affords us in *Saint Joan*: the established temporal order is often nothing more than a sanctified mask for legalized barbarism, and the audience, for the most part, is composed of those people who burned Joan at the stake, whose faces Billy Jack is rearranging.

Walking Tall, on the other hand, has had no obstacles to overcome. The promotions have been successful, reviews favorable, and the technical flaws of *Billy Jack* are virtually nil. In short, *Walking Tall* is a highly professional film. What it lacks in charm, it makes up for in action, direction, action, etc. It has everything *Billy Jack* is missing, and it missing the one thing that *Billy Jack* had.

Buford fighting against the evils of bigotry and brutality

If there is a real message in *Walking Tall*, it is probably to be found on the publicity poster which reads: "He'd give them law and order if he had to beat it into their heads." There is very little Billy Jack in Buford Pusser (Joe Don Baker), ex-Sheriff of McNairy County, Tennessee. Whereas Billy fights against the evils of bigotry and brutality to offer a group of innocent children their *right* to live, Buford sets himself up as the long arm of the Lord to dictate morality to an entire county. The trouble he encounters he brings about himself. He succeeds, finally, in managing to infect the populace with his own muddle-headed concept of "law and order", which, in this movie, is reduced to a simple revenge motif.

After retiring from professional wrestling ("I just got tired of being used by the system."), an ex-Marine and Korean War veteran ("Everything's a system,"), Buford Pusser returns home to begin farming ("It's time I'm my own man. I'm sick of systems."), with his wife Pauline (Elizabeth Hartman) and their two children. When he runs into an old friend ("We used to play football together"), Buford discovers that McNairy County has (shudder) turned into a small-time, hick-town version of Las Vegas—complete with gambling "palaces", mobile-home whore houses, and (worst of all) illegal liquor: "Jack Daniels" probably put up some money for *Walking Tall*—every shot of devil's brew in the film appears to have that name all over it.

Buford accompanies his friend to the Lucky Spot where he is appalled by the lack of morality and exposes a rigged crap game. A fight ensues, Buford is beaten unconscious, mutilated on the chest and back with a switch-blade stiletto, and left to die in the bushes along a country road. Of course, Buford survives. He has to—we've already been told in the credits that this is based upon a true-story (horror upon horror) and that the *real* Buford Pusser was the technical consultant for *Walking Tall*. And in case we missed the fact that Buford is "the superior man", after putting over 200 stitches into Buford's body, Dr. Stivers (Don Keefer) makes sure to tell us: "Any normal man wouldn't have made it." Yahoo!

When Buford attempts to bring charges against his attackers, he discovers that Sheriff Al Thurman (Gene Evans) is on the take ("Even here it's systems. I used to think you walked tall." Hence the title), and Buford resolves to exact his own judgement. He fashions a big stick (we've already had the Marine Corps, wrestling, football, and a rifle—"Guns aren't bad in the right hands"—and now we are offered baseball: after all, Buford Pusser is an All-American Hero) from a tree limb and returns to the Lucky Spot where he single-handedly clubs all the bad guys unconscious. He is arrested ("Always a system"), acquitted, and decides to run for Sheriff, and wins. In the meantime, his old buddy's body is found in a river.

Producer/writer Mort Brisken was taking no chances with *Walking Tall*. He tosses in something for everyone. Buford's anti-establishment stance (a lie in the long run—once Buford comes to power he is every bit as ruthless and regimental in his approach as the forces he deems to do combat with) apparently is meant to seduce the angry young men and women, as is the fact that Buford chooses a black childhood friend (Felton Perry), to be a deputy. At the same time, Brisken uses *Walking Tall* as a platform for anti-gun control arguments, the defense of the word "nigger", an attack on the rights of the accused, and proposes a kind of tribal

Continued on page 15

Karate in Columbia: Getting your kicks

By John Marion

"Do you know what Tom and Howie do to me when they get drunk? " the waifish Cathy asks.

I pause a minute to give my incredibly filthy mind a chance to conjure up wonderfully lurid fantasies, but quickly dismiss them, as it is difficult to imagine anyone getting the best of her. It is even more difficult to imagine Tom Joerg and Howie Vanderbeck not being involved in some outrageous prank.

Expecting the worst, I reply that no, I don't know, although I think I can take it. "They chop up my broomsticks with their fingers." "You mean they do karate chops on your brooms? I ask incredulously. "Why the brutes!"

"Yeah, only they use their fingers." Although this particular attitude is somewhat novel, it still reflects the growing popularity of karate in the Columbia area.

When Tom and Howie are not breaking up brooms—and Cathy has just recently reported two more missing—they are either working out at their dojo, hitch-hiking to karate tournaments, or doing more mundane chores such as making money. Karate takes up the greater part of their time, and they like it that way. They are seasoned karateka; they know pain, discipline, defeat and victory, and in spite of frequent moments of levity, take their studies with appropriate seriousness. "It's like physical chess speeded up," says Tom. "It's a combination of moves, counter-moves. The personality doesn't really matter, because the whole thing is a never-ending sequence of movement." Just recently, he hitch-hiked all the way to Alabama to enter a tournament. I was puzzled as to why anyone would go to all that trouble to do something that is by definition painful. "It makes me feel like the 'high plains drifter'," he grins. "When I put on my gi, I have these incredible fantasies of coming into this strange town and...."

Yet, Tom Joerg is insistent that the art, and he and Howie always refer to it that way, is much more than the fighting. It is a combination of mental discipline, control over pain, mastery over body that appeals to him. The value, he insists, is not primarily its martial applications, but in its chess-like nature.

Howie's view is somewhat different. "The day that I knew it was good, that it was really worthwhile, was in my apartment. My girl was sitting on my lap, and something happened. I don't know, but any way she slapped me. Only I blocked it and hit back, only not hard. The thing is, it was total reflex, which is the way it is supposed to be. But I still had control. What I really enjoy is coming, say, at Tom's eye, and just missing...."

But there are plenty of "war stories", of incidents in which punches had to connect. Tom recalls an incident that occurred a few months ago. "We were riding on this motorcycle, and we were making passes at chicks and raising hell. Man, it was a beautiful day, and we didn't care about anything; we were wrecked on nature. Anyway, we were riding along having a ball when this damn pick-up truck pulls up and the guys start yelling stuff at us, only we keep goofin', you know?So finally, they really get nasty and give us a swipe, and man, it was scary. If my friend wasn't such a good driver it would have been all over. Well, those guys got out of the truck, I guess, to finish us off. I was so mad I threw my helmet about thirty feet on some old lady's porch and gave a full-powered flying jump kick right into the guy's gut, and he went down like a sack. My buddie, who is a little slack sometimes, went to block a punch, but hit the guy instead. The driver was still in the truck and couldn't believe it; we chased him on the bike, running stop signs and everything."

Howie didn't fare as well. "Up in Philadelphia, on this street where people get beat up every day, this guy came at me with a club. Man, I was so excited, because I had always wanted to use that classic front block. Well I did, but my timing was off, so here I was, with my hands straight up, waiting to catch that club, but the guy flipped it around and came up, and gave these scars on the chin. That really burned me, you know, not because he got in, but because it cost me $17 to get stitched up."

In spite of the lumps and the gruelling training, however, both Joerg and Vanderbeck plan to obtain black belts. "Karate is a fad now," Howie states, "but I'm going to be in it a long time after it passes." Tom nods in agreement.

There are many other students and teachers of the art also in this area.

Legends about Norman "Ronnie" Barkoot are as wild as they are numerous. He has been instructing in Columbia longer than the others, and is as much myth as man. Tom and Howie are his students. Barkoot does not inspire indifference; some think he's crazy, maniacal in his pursuit of the art, and some feel that he is simply a jock in jock's clothing who loves to fight. Still others feel that he is a man who has a great deal to prove, both to himself and to his students. But the one point on which every one agrees is that he is a professional.

"Of all the black belts in this area," says USC instructor John Roper," Barkoot is the only one who really comes close to making karate a real life-style."

This would certainly appear to be true, for Barkoot works out for at least eight hours a day and teaches in the evenings. He will spare no effort in maintaining the best of all possible dojos. Only recently he has been seriously trying to keep his only Kung Foo instructor from being transferred by the army. His appeal has gone as high as the office of Strom Thurmond. It is this type of commitment that gains the respect of other karateka. Vanderbeck is affirmative. "Any black belt that Barkoot turns out," he states, "is good and worth his rank in any part of the country."

Barkoot is in excellent condition, and on the floor his mind is as well-oiled as his body. He anticipates every possible move, and discusses them with his students the way an English professor discusses poetic and grammatical subleties. "Take the knife," he tells a brown belt, "and come in." The knife is extraordinarily real. Although the brown belt is not moving quickly, he is moving at sufficient speed to increase the possibilities of cutting someone. He feints, stabs, slashes and lunges; Barkoot lets him do the work, lets him close the distance. Deftly, Barkoot blocks the hand, and grabs the blade as though it were a lollipop. It is an intriguing scene; the brown belt holds the handle and Barkoot holds the blade. "Pull it," he says quietly. We look in disbelief; maybe he *is* crazy. The brown belt tugs and jerks while Barkoot calmly maintains his grip. "The knife," he says easily, "cannot hurt me, but the man who holds it can. Right now I have just as much say in this situation as he does, because if he lets me go, he's dead and if I let go, I'm dead. And this means," he chuckles,"that neither one of us is really going to want to let go. So, why don't we just sort of turn it back on him like this...and let him put it into his own throat...? The exercise has made one thing perfectly clear; Norman "Ronnie" Barkoot is a fine teacher and a professional in his knowledge of the art. "The more you study karate," he says,

"...It makes me feel like the high plains drifter..."

"the more you increase your peripheral vision. I mean you become so much more aware of what's going on around you."

Not everybody views karate like Barkoot, however, which is the beauty of the art. John Roper, a feisty, to-the-point life insurance executive at Lincoln National, sees karate as highly personal. "Karate in the United States is never going to be stabilized, because there are so many styles. It is impossible to create a national organization to oversee everything, in spite of a lot of abuses. But this lack of organization is good, because it doesn't force people to do everything the same way. People are different, and what works for me may not work for you." Unlike Barkoot, he doesn't see karate as a way of life, although he considers it an art which is much more than fighting. "Karate in this country is not a life-style or a world view," he says, "because American culture won't allow it. We can embody certain principles, but that's it. Americans simply aren't used to oriental discipline. Karate is not my life; this," he says, pointing to his office," *is* my life. Making income."

It would be utterly incorrect to see Roper as cynical in regard to his attitudes toward karate. At twenty-five, he seems much older, and is every inch a disciplined worker. His commitment to his art is great, even though he teaches only four hours a week. He too, is a Columbia legend, and his prowess is widely accepted. At one point in his career, after he had received his black belt, he discovered a Korean instructor in Atlanta. The two met and worked out, and the story is that Roper put away his black belt, put on the beginner's white one, and started over. "I view life as a function of social disciplines, and the art is a discipline." In other words, one can lead a good life by utilizing the principles in karate. The art becomes a method of organizing oneself, and of developing a mind/body coordination and a control over pain.

I asked Roper about his strongest points, whether he used more foot or hand techniques. "My strongest point is organization," he explains. "Look, some instructors will get their students to concentrate on their best techniques in order to score points at tournaments, but that isn't the purpose. Orientals don't develope hands at the expense of feet, or left feet at the expense of right feet. The idea is to get everything going at once, as a whole. Hands, for example, can be a crutch."

Nor does he pay much attention to unqualified black belts. "Whose to say if somebody is unqualified? If an instructor isn't doing his job, his students will eventually find that out for themselves. We can't have control without denying individuality. Bad schools will always exist, but sooner or later, the bad students drop out. I don't care about losing my own students to somebody else. Why should I? I think it is good for people to work out under different teachers, because it keeps them open. I don't see any purpose to blind loyalty."

Robert Pettis, a recently-promoted black belt, who now teaches with Art Waltman at the Jewish Community Center, is also an impressive man, whose demeanor is also that of one considerably older than 25. Unlike Roper and Barkoot, the jovial Pettis, with an irrepressible streak of down-homeness confesses, "I'm the laziest guy in the world, and have no self-discipline at all. I just like what I'm doing." The remark is deceptive, for Pettis' accomplishments reveal that behind the easy warmth and boyishness is a man who knows well the meaning of discipline and hard work. He has his M.A. in political science, and has served on the Governor's personal staff. At the moment, he is a rising executive with the Belser Company, a land development agency. "I like physical, one-man sports," he says, "that maybe have a little risk involved. I've done scuba diving and a little skydiving. Karate interests me because it's that kind of a challenge. You have to think out there; you have to be able to fake out your opponent without getting it yourself."

Pettis does not share Roper's opinion regarding unqualified belts. "What really makes me mad is that karate is so political now." It is an attitude held by everyone, in varying degrees, though Pettis is more forceful. "I would personally like to see this state establish some guidelines to measure qualified instructors. There are a lot of people who are wearing black belts who do not deserve them, some who are teaching. I would like to see that kind of thing stopped. The thing is, though, you can't make laws regulating the people who study. I mean there are some people who are just naturally mean who simply get better at it as they progress. These guys don't grow with their studies, and I think that's basically the teacher's fault. I know black belts here in Columbia who love to go out on Saturday nights and get in fights, and I don't think that's what karate is about."

Pettis is in a good position to hold his views, for he has certainly paid his dues. Although many instructors feel that rank tests are not important, Pettis does. "Getting my black belt was the hardest thing I've ever done," he chuckles. "When I finished that test, I felt like I had been dragged through hell." I asked about the difficulty. "Well, it was the people for one thing. All these people just looking at you, waiting to see how you do. The judges are some of the finest in the country, and, well, you just don't want to screw up. You do kata and then you have to fight people of equal rank, and of course, they're more experienced. First I had to fight one one-to-one, and then I had to take on five at once. That's when I broke three ribs." What did he do when he broke the ribs? "Well, I had this teacher who once said, 'If you can't fight in a phone booth, you ain't worth a damn,' and what he meant is that you have to use what you have. If somebody is really trying to hurt or kill you, then you will fight with busted ribs. I couldn't use my left hand, but there wasn't a thing wrong with my right. Basically, though, I don't think the emphasis should be placed on competing, but on developing the art."

Asked why he has continued, Pettis replied, "I'm sure that my teacher had a lot to do with it. I've been with Waltman now for the whole three years, and I value the relationship very much. He's taught me attitude as much as anything else. He never hurt me, you know, and has never competed with me or tried to prove how good he is. He works me, and when I advance he pushes harder, but he never bullies anybody. He never had to prove anything to me, and I feel that way about my students."

As for the Art Waltmans themselves, they have certainly succeeded in incorporating karate principles into their lives. Although a full-time executive for the Geneva Construction Company, Waltman still teaches four days per week, and his favorite students are his wife, who wears a green belt, and his three children, ages three, five, and nine. "The three year-old is doing kata now," he chuckles, "but we haven't started her on the heavier stuff yet." Yet, I can almost fantasize a three year-old having a disastrous tantrum sending tables flying along with baby ducks until I realize that karate teaches the sort of self-control that diminishes the need for tantrum in children of any age.

Music/Witnosh

No heavy loads

"...the Guess Who are back on the defensive, led by middle linebacker, vocalist, pianist and writer Burton Cummings..."

by Tom Priddy

Take it off my shoulders
I don't need your heavy load
—Burton Cummings

No matter what it is Burton Cummings wants taken off his shoulders, the only removal that will do him any good has nothing to do with someone else's load. It simply involves a chip which is firmly glued—bolted, perhaps—on his own shoulder.

Until he gets rid of it, and he claims he wants to, he'll find it gets in the way of every song he writes, and everything the Guess Who try to do.

The Guess Who are back on the defensive, led by middle linebacker, vocalist, pianist and writer Burton Cummings. The first Canadian group to make a good living in America in spite of the rumors that Canada was a musical wasteland, they had their offensive tactics laid out for them. It was obvious they had an excellent lead singer and a writing team that produced jazz influenced pop the way no one else did.

But they were also put on the defensive at the same time, just the way the Miami Dolphins will probably this season. A big success is guarded closely. While they could have continued to do the same sort of entertaining hits, they felt the need to defend their country's musicians, and their own music as well.

So no one would think they had abandoned Canada to become an American band, they made what they were doing a bit more obvious. They became Earl Morral, dropping

back for the bomb, but always keeping that left arm ready to shove opposing linemen back to the bench. And, for a while, they wrote some very good songs. Until that left arm started running the show.

"American Woman" was both a denial of the Americanism and an attack on America itself. "Share the Land" and "Hand Me Down World" took about the same position. The creative team of Cummings and Randy Bachman worked well until Bachman decided to leave. He was followed out the door by bassist Jim Kale and guitarist Gregg Leskiw.

Today the Guess Who has only Cummings and drummer Garry Peterson left from the original band, and while their songs claim to be offensive thrusts into new directions and new styles, they're busy defending whatever it is they want to hang on to. The band is great in the huddle with their pep talks and lyrics, but when it comes to performance they slip up on the game plans.

Since Bachman left, and now that new bassist Kurt Winter has stopped writing his political songs, Cummings spends his time alternating between writing autobiographical cal songs and writing rock 'n' roll drivel. The latest Guess Who album, *No. 10* (RCA), is already the second-released this year, and it shows, if nothing else, that the band still can do it if they want to. It also shows, however, that the group can't put out two albums in six months and keep half the material from being just filler.

The latest album is their best attempt in the last few years. But there is still a tone of defensiveness, a feeling that the band has to prove something, that spoils it all.

Thankfully, Cummings has written most of the material. In the past few albums he could usually be counted on for one or two surprises which far outdistanced anything else the group did. Most notable were a couple of songs on *So Long, Bannatyne*. "Sour Suite," for example, was one of his first autobiographical songs, and he kept it soft and sincere. There were a few jabs at critics who didn't understand the group's music, but they were not done in anger, and it was easy to empathize with his position.

On *No. 10*, Cummings includes the best song he's written in years. "Glamour Boy" is a very direct criticism toward rock's trend followers and theatrical phonies: "Glamour boy, you got rave reviews and your're front page news. For $37,000 you can look like your sister tonight," Cummings sings. Unfortunately, Cummings gets messed up in his game plan again and gives us good cause to doubt his sincerity.

"There's not many there who want to take time to sing and play an honest song for the people tonight," he adds, as if he himself had been doing it all along. He hasn't been. Other songs on the album "Miss Frizzy" and "Musicone", are just little pieces of drivel that could'nt pass for an honest song no matter how hard they were defended.

Another song on *No. 10* "Just Let Me Sing," sounds like someone who has been repressed and forced into singing something he didn't like. Both this song and "Glamour Boy", when isolated from the rest of the album, are successful songs. But there is no attempt by Cummings to live up to his ideals. Many of the songs are snotty and rude, and they ruin any effect the two were trying to build up.

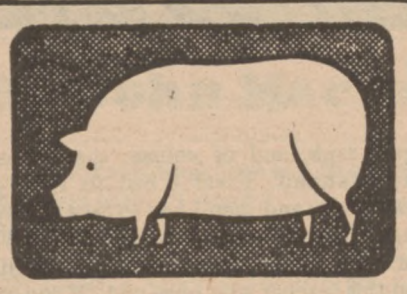
It's disappointing to have these defensive tactics ruin the album for them, because the latest collection of musicians is probably better than the ones they started out with. On "Lie Down", just as one musical example, the sound is excellent, with the mix perfectly done. The drums are soft but active, imaginative bass lines are dropped in the background, and guitar licks are mixed very lightly under everything. When Cummings takes a piano solo it is, as usual, entertaining and fitting. If those words just weren't so snotty.

Something has to give with these guys. I love their old material, and even their present-day sound, too much to ignore them every two or three months when they put out a new album. But I can't have any feeling for guys who can't take their own advice. They talk up a good game, but when it comes to action, they simply flop. Their good songs are balanced by their bad.

They claim to be commentators on the American scene, but instead of writing like Tom Wolfe they do it like Earl Wilson.

Their last South Carolina appearance is some indication of how their approach is being taken. The audience was less than wildly enthusiastic in a part of the country where most groups are called for encores no matter how bad the performance. It was hardly a Chuck Connors-Leonid Brezhnev bearhug sort of reception. When they announced the last number of their set the audience simply got up and walked off. The lights were turned on, the crowd walked in front of them, and no one applauded. The group cut the song short. So it goes.

Erratum: Through a typographical error a word was left out of this column two weeks ago. It should have read, "While we're waiting for Leon Russell's *country* album..."



"No, mam, his name's not Porky."

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Cinema/"Live and Let Die"

A dismal bond

"...He remains too much of the invincible secret agent to appeal to the more realistic views of the seventies..."

by Jerry McAninch

Live and Let Die, the latest James Bond film and the first starring Roger Moore as Secret Agent 007, concerns the efforts of Kananga, the black ruler of a tiny Caribbean island, to glut the world with an over-supply of heroin, thereby creating millions of new addicts. He can then make a fortune by fantastically escalating the drug's price. Bond, though not knowing Kananga's motives, or even that the black ruler is involved in herion traffic, is sent in to stop him. All 007 knows is that Kananga is up to some undefined mischief since he has killed three British agents in relatively ingenious ways.

Roger Moore, reportedly the producers' first choice to play Bond from the beginning was finally available—to their delight—but one wonders why they wanted him for he simply does not project Sean Connery's supreme self-confidence. Nor does he possess that streak of inhuman malevolence that allowed Connery's Bond to murder with aplomb and to make love to and sometimes later to kill his leading ladies with never a twinge of conscience. This Bond is clearly worried—*worried*—that M will find the woman in his boudoir. He is the rather naive pawn of Kananga's gang and seldom really knows what is going on. He has reservations about shooting his ex-lover when she proves to be a double agent. In short, like the rest of us, he is too indecisive and unsure of himself to be the super-human robot that appealed to the audiences of the sixties. Yet, he remains too much of the invincible secret agent to appeal to many more realistic reviewers of the seventies.

Though Bond's gadgetry has become an institution, Moore's magnetic watch is a poor sequel to Connery's Astin-Martin. It does a few tricks but barely improves on Dick Tracy.

Paul McCartney's music is another reason why the film seems so flaccid and listless compared to earlier Bond films. Slow, moody, it simply does not have the suspenseful force of the theme from *Goldfinger* or Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*. There is an occasional echo of the *Goldfinger* theme but it remains merely a suggestion.

Roger Moore as Bond on the defensive

Ten years after the first Bond films and in the wake of the new black superspies who regularly outwit the authorities, the white secret agent suddenly becomes a "honky" and a "pig" particularly in a film in which all the villains are black. He becomes an innocent cop among the black thugs who know ever so much more about what is going on than he does. When he hails a New York cab in order to follow Kananga and company, in their limousine, naturally the cabbie is in the pay of Kananga—and another of Kananga's men brings up the rear remarking, "You can't miss Bond—it's like following a cue ball."

Bond's cabby, one of the most refreshing characters in the film, drops Bond—conspicuously white in his British suit—at Kananga's Harlem bar remarking with a malevolent chuckle, "I sure hope you make friends easy!"

Bond, of course, has to win in the end (otherwise there would be no more James Bond movies!) but he seems to accidentally bumble into his victory scarcely realizing who or what he has been fighting. It becomes very hard not to root for the bad guys, hoping against hope that this time maybe those crocodiles will finally gobble him up. What a delight to see Bond's discomfiture as he steps into a cab at the New Orleans airport only to be greeted by our goodnatured and ubiquitous friend, the former New York cabbie who speeds off laughing, "Well, hello, Jim."

It is almost pointless to mention how anti-feminist this movie is except, again, in relation to other Bond films. Honor Blackman, as Pussy Galore of *Goldfinger* fame was second in cunning, savvy, and raw power only to Bond. But in a turnabout somewhat strange for the seventies *Live and Let Die* boasts no woman of Ms. Galore's stature. Both Rosie (Gloria Hendry) and Solitaire (Jane Seymour) are impulsive, weak, incompetent, superstitious females and Bond, like Tarzan, must save the helpless damsel in distress.

The film will not be appreciated by conservationists any more than by the women's movement. It capitalizes on chase scenes, destroying eight airplanes in one and using up most of the 26 aquajets and high-powered speedboats in another. The filmmakers seemed to be taken with the notion of jamming one vehicle through another—once sticking a police car through the shaved-off top of a double-decker bus, another time sending a speedboat hurtling through a police car. Since the days of the Keystone Kops audiences have enjoyed chase scenes and the zanier the better, but even they can be overdone.

One does not expect realism in a James Bond film but one does expect reasonable ingenuity and excitement. *Live and Let Die* is an inferior example of a genre that seems to have become bankrupt. One wishes that the filmmakers knew when to "Let Die."

'Walking Tall'

Continued from page 11

and individual law to supercede the concept of trial by jury. In other words, Brisken has written a script which does not argue "law and order" but rather survival of the biggest.

It is important to note what Buford's mother told him prior to his going to the Lucky Spot the first time: "You might notice a lot of things have changed. Don't pay them any mind. It has nothing to do with us." So what if the games were rigged? Ever try to beat a pinball machine, collect an income tax return, win a lottery, make a million on a chain letter? The townspeople didn't seem to mind. Even Buford's friend had found excitement in the chance of making something for nothing.

No, this isn't *Billy Jack*. This is one man convinced he has the light and the way pushing his gospel to everybody. Before the movie is over a lot of innocent people are hurt or killed—including Buford's wife.

I could give you a complete synopsis, but I won't. In order to buy this film, you have to condone murder, vigilante and/or mob rule, police brutality, the complete negation of Human and the Bill of Rights. I refuse to do so. I refuse to see any honor or heroism in a story glorifying a savage demogogue. I refuse to stand up and applaud.

Let it suffice to say that Buford isn't the right man for a gun—he only shoots to kill. He shoots one man in the back after having already wounded him, a woman between the eyes—twice. He beats one man senseless while informing him of his rights. Kills two men with his patrol car by running them down. He is governed too much by his emotions.

Let it suffice to say that Buford Pusser succeeds in bringing *his* brand of law and order to McNairy County, Tennessee, in much the same way that Don McLean sold "American Pie" down a million shameless throats. The last scene, following his wife's funeral and his successful murder of two of her murderers, shows the hooting McNairy County populace burning down the fixtures of the Lucky Spot under Buford's smilingly tearful eyes. Everything will be all right now, we are supposed to say.

"Singing this will be the day that I die.
This will be the day that I die."

You should go and see this movie to test your own sanity, if for no other reason. If you can look back after twenty minutes and agree with the film, and really like it, friend, you should be ashamed of your mind.

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EVENTS & entertainments

August 1-7

cinema

Moviegoers are advised to call ahead to check showtimes for movies, since many area theatres are given to last-minute changes.

ATLANTIC I THEATRE 3220 Two Notch Road, 787-1225
"Slaughter's Big Rip-Off" starring Jim Brown. Rated R. Times are 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30 p.m.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE 3220 Two Notch Road, 787-1225
"Fists of Fury" starring Bruce Lee. Rated R. Shows at 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30 p.m.

CAROLINA THEATRE 1223 Main Street, 252-8011
"Scream Blacula Scream" starring William Marshall and Don Mitchell. Rated PG. Shows at 12:40, 2:20, 4:00, 5:40, 7:20, and 9 p.m.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110
"Live and Let Die" starring Roger Moore. Rated PG. Times are 1:00, 3:10, 5:20, 7:30, and 9:40 p.m.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110
"Paper Moon" starring Ryan and Tatum O'Neal. Rated PG. Times are 1:30, 3:20, 5:10, 7, and 9 p.m.

FOX THEATRE 1607 Main Street, 254-5212
"Blume in Love" starring George Segal and Kris Kristofferson with Susan Anspach. Rated R. Shows are 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE Parkland Plaza, Cayce. 796-0022
"The Sound of Music" starring Julie Andrews. Rated G. Times are: 11, 2:10, 5:20, and 8:30 p.m.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE Parkland Plaza, Cayce. 796-0022
"Charley and the Angel" and "Cinderella." These G-rated Disney films are great for kids. Early shows start Saturday at 11 a.m. Other shows are at 2, 5, and 8 p.m.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE 1801 Main Street, 254-6731
"Cahill" starring John Wayne. Shows at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m.

MIRACLE THEATRE 1228 Main Street, 256-1950
"The Daring Dobermans" starring Tim Considine. Rated G. Shows at 2, 3:50, 5:40, 7:30, and 9:20 p.m.

PALMETTO THEATRE 1417 Main Street, 254-5800
"Jesus Christ Superstar" starts Friday. Rated G. Shows are at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m.

PLAZA III THEATRE 1323 Main Street, 254-7960
"Walking Tall" (See review in this edition). Rated R. Shows at 12:40, 2:50, 5:00, 7:10, and 9:20 p.m.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE Richland Mall Shopping Center, 728-2228
"Tom Sawyer" starring Celeste Holm. Rated G. Shows at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m.

CAMPUS FILMS

Unless otherwise indicated, the Russell House films are free to students, faculty, and guests and begin each weeknight at 7 and 9 p.m.

July 31—"The Victors", directed by Carl Foreman with George Peppard, Romy Schneider, and Eli Wallach in a film concerning the futility of war. Shown at 8 p.m. only.

August 1—"You Only Live Once" stars Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney in a striking indictment of the United States in the '30's as a convict is hunted across the country. Directed by Fritz Lang.

August 2—"The Twelve Chairs" is directed by Mel Brooks with Ron Moody, Dom DeLuise, and Mel Brooks starring. A frantic hilarious comedy about the search for a fortune in jewels. Admission is $1 for this one.

August 6—A collection of shorts including: Bunnel and Dali's "Un Chien Andalou", Disney's "The Skeleton Dance," Mel Brooks' "The Critic" and "Powers of Ten."

August 7—"The Seven Chances," with Buster Keaton as a frantic bachelor who must marry in order to inherit a fortune.

theatre

Workshop Theatre Program I of the summer season will run for the final time August 3-7 at 8 p.m., with special matinee performances at 3 p.m. Saturday and Sunday; "Toad of Toad Hall" is the production and tickets cost $2. The box office at the Theatre is open from noon to curtain time (8:00 p.m. nighttime). Group rates are available by calling the box office. For a review of the play, see July 13 Osceola.

FLAT ROCK PLAYHOUSE, between Greenville and Asheville on U. S. Highway 25, presents "Look Homeward Angel." The play will appear Tuesday-Saturday at 8:30 p.m. with matinee performances on Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 p.m. Tickets are $4 and $3.50 with children admitted for $1.50 at the matinees only.

USC SUMMER THEATRE presents Jerome Kern's "Show Boat" this summer at the Myrtle Beach Convention Center. The play will be presented Monday-Saturday June 23-August 11 at 8:30 p.m. expect July 26, 27 and 28. The Convention Center box office telephone is 448-3041 for reservations.

specials

ART IN THE PARK—Myrtle Beach (August 11-12)—Sponsored by the Waccamaw Arts and Crafts guild at Chapin Park. Contact: Waccamaw Arts and Crafts Guild, Box 1595, Myrtle Beach 29577.

The controversial film (see page 3) film "Last Tango in Paris" opens August 10 at the Atlantic Twin Theatre in Columbia. Marlon Brando and Marie Schneider star.

Country and Western Days—This is the third annual celebration which attracts bands from Nashville to entertain at Rocks Pond Campground near Eutawville. August 3-4 are the dates. For more information, call 492-7711.

17th Annual Johnston Jaycee Horse Show—Six hours of horse-showing on August 4 in Johnston. There will be 28 classes of competition, the last being the South Carolina Walking Horse Championship. Call Dennie Clark at 275-4403 for more information.

SOUTH CAROLINA STATE CERAMIC ASSOCIATION SHOW—will be held at Myrtle Beach August 9-12 at the Ocean Forest Hotel. Sharilyn Cone at 27 Magnolia Road in Charleston 29407 has more information.

SEVEN COLUMBIA ARTISTS—showing at the Columbia Museum of Art through August. Contemporary paintings, woodblocks, grahics, sculptures, etc. Located at the corner of Senate and Gregg Streets. Open Tuesday through Sunday.

concerts

THE JACKSON FIVE will be in concert in Columbia on August 10 at 8 p.m. in the Coliseum. Tickets are priced at $6.50, $5.50, and $4.50 and are available at the Coliseum box office and the usual ticket outlets, including Taylor Street Pharmacy, Broadway Pharmacy, and Mitchell Piano.

LEON RUSSELL will appear in the area again with concerts in Atlanta and Charlotte upcoming. The Atlanta concert will be on August 16 and the Charlotte concert will be August 18 at 7 p.m. (doors open at 5:30 p.m.) in Memorial Stadium. Tickets for the Charlotte concert are set at $5.50 (advance) and $6.50 (at the door). Tickets are the Charlotte concert are available from Kaleidoscope Productions, Box 12722, Charlotte, N.C. Please send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope to expedite matters.

ROGER McGUINN, who used to be with the Byrds, has scheduled a show for Wednesday, August 22 at the Municipal Auditorium in Atlanta. No ticket information is yet available on that one.

SHA-NA-NA, the veteran rock and roll band, will appear in Municipal Auditorium in Atlanta on Thursday, August 23. Wet Willie will also appear on the program.

THE STYLISTICS, with Joe Simon and his band, will appear on Thursday, August 16 at the Charleston Municipal Audtorium. Tickets are on sale July 30 for $5. Mail check or money order to: Charleston Auditorium, Box office, C/O International Swingers, 77 Calhoun Street. Two shows at 8 and 11 p.m.

FRANKIE VALLI and the Four Seasons will appear in concert at the Charleston Municipal Auditorium on Friday, August 3 at 8:30 p.m. only. Tickets cost $6, $5, and $4.

CHEECH AND CHONG, a comedy team, will appear at the Symphony Hall in Atlanta on Friday, August 24. More information later.

BETTE MIDLER, it was announced last week, will make an appearance in Atlanta on October 24 at the Civic Center. Get your tickets early for that one.

STEVIE WONDER will make a South Carolina appearance on Sunday, August 5 at 8:30 p.m. at the Greenville Memorial Auditorium. Tickets are priced at $6, $5, and $4 with all seats reserved. Send check or money order payable to Memorial Auditorium with self-addressed stamped envelope to Memorial Auditorium, P. O. Box 10348, Greenville, S. C. Tickets are also on sale at the Auditorium and its outlets throughout Greenville.

GRAND FUNK RAILROAD will appear live in concert in Atlanta's Omni on August 9 at 8 p.m. Tickets for Funk are $4.50, $5.50, and $6.50 and are now on sale via the Omni box office and other Ticketron outlets throughout the Southeast. Funk will also appear in Greenville's Memorial Auditorium on Friday, August 10, at 8:30 p.m. Tickets are $6, $5, and $5 plus a 25-cent seat tax.

television

Wednesday, August 1

2 p.m.-4:30 p.m.—"As the Worm Turns": an action-packed, star-studded thriller about a President who surrounds himself with hoods and gangsters and tries to cheat, steal, and bug his way into the hearts of millions of Americans. The flash-back format of the show combined with the fine acting of John Erlichman, John Dean, John Mitchell and a cast of thousands makes this fine viewing for a Wednesday afternoon. (Channel 10)

7 p.m.—The Avengers: Great show with one hell of a woman—Diana Rigg.

8:30 p.m.—Movie: "The Devil and Miss Sarah"—Gene Barry returns to television as the devil incarnate (boy, is he a bad guy). This flick has its moments and actually does tend to scare the poo-poo out of you if you don't watch out. (Channel 19)

8:30 p.m.—Banachek: This must be NBC's idea of an hour and a half black joke.

11:30 p.m.—Movie: "The Patsy"—Jerry Lewis, Ina Balin, Ed Wynn, and Peter Lorre (1964). We received many complaints about our treatment of Jerry Lewis last week so we won't call this movie a piece of tripe not worth watching no matter what the reason. (Channel 19)

Thursday, August 2

7 p.m.—The Avengers. Our capsuler hasn't been watching this show during its latest Columbia rerun or he'd know that Diana Rigg has been replaced by a rubber hot dog, revealing something we suspected all along...without Ms. Rigg, this show is just another British spy melodrama. Read something good. (Channel 19)

9 p.m.—Movie: "The Death of a Salesman" (SPECIAL)—If you see nothing else this week, see this. Lee J. Cobb and Mildred Dunnock recreate their original Broadway roles. Originally released in May of 1966, the drama was produced by David Susskind and Daniel Melnick. Look for George Segal and James Farentino in parts that helped them on their way to the top. (Channel 19)

11:30 p.m.—Movie: "Waco"—Howard Keel and Jane Russell—urp!! (Channel 19)

August 3, Friday

8 p.m.—Sixty Minutes: Mike Wallace and the Gang rarely know who they will be talking at until the show goes on, so we don't know either. Watch it. (Channel 19)

8 p.m.—It's the NFL PRE-SEASON FOOTBALL GAME with the Lions and the Redskins in that macho show of head to head confrontation. Tell the old lady you'll knock her block off (that is an insulting chauvinistic remark) if she wants to turn the station. Do you think Kilmer would take that from one of his babies? (Channel 10)

9 p.m.—Just Jazz: Don Byas, the famous tenor saxaphonist makes his television debut and it's worth watching. (Channel 35)

11:30 p.m.—Movie: "Five Man Army" (1970)—Peter Graves and James Daly. Five men must divert a half a million dollars in gold that is being shipped to revolutionaries in Mexico. Sounds like an impossible mission. (Channel 19)

Saturday, August 4

2:30 p.m.—Movie: "Island of the Blue Dolphins" (1964)—Celia Kaye, Larry Domasin. Youngsters are left alone on an island and the girl befriends a wild dog that becomes her protector. A good adventure story for the kids. (Channel 25)

2:00 p.m.—Movie: "Hot Spell" (1958)—Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn, Shirley MacLaine, Earl Holliman. Family drama set in the South. Good acting—but phoney ending mars a well-directed effort by Daniel Mann. (Channel 19)

11:00 p.m.—Movie: "Man Who Reclaimed His Head"—Claude Rains, Joan Bennett, Lional Atwill in a semi-scary shocker. (Channel 19)

12:15 a.m.—Movie: "Traitors" Patrick Allen and James Maxwell. (Channel 25)

8:30 p.m.—Gertrude Stein: recounts the life and work of the American author and art patron during her Paris years, from 1905 to the mid-'30's. Excellent viewing. (Channel 35)

Sunday, August 5

1 p.m.— Movie: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953)—Marilyn Monroe, Lauren Bacall, Betty Grable, David Wayne, William Powell, Rory Calhoun, Cameron Mitchell. A really good Monroe flick and besides you get to see South Carolina's own movie star Cam twenty years ago. (Channel 10)

2 p.m.— Movie: "Captain Newman, M.D." (1963)—Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis, Angie Dickinson, Eddie Albert. Interesting drama of an air force psychiatrist whose duty is to his patient first and the military brass second. Some good performances. (Channel 25)

8 p.m.— Evening at the Pops: actress and dancer Carmen de Lavallade makes watching worthwhile. Artie Fiedler ain't bead either.

1 p.m.—Movie: "Country Girl" (1954)—Bing Crosby and Grace Kelly. A great movie which was on another station just one week ago. It's good, but maybe not that good. (Channel 19)

11:15 p.m.—Movie: "File on Thelma Jordan" (1949)—Barbara Stanwyck, Wendal Corey. D.A. meets wacko girl, falls in love, and ends up having to defend her in a murder trial. Good but played a little heavily at times. (Channel 19)

August 6, Monday

8 p.m.—Baseball: The great American pastime will lull you into Tuesday mornings. (Channel 10)

7:30 p.m.—Pig Roasting and Pork Vegetable: Master chef Titus Chan vists an actual pig roast in Hawaii and then explains methods of roasting pork. (Not to be confused with Hawaii Five-0) (Channel 35)

11:30 p.m.— Movie: "Key Witness" (1960) Jeffrey Hunter, Pat Crowley. A man witnesses a crime and his family and he have to face terror as the result. Lots of blood and tearing sinews. Will drive violence freaks ga-ga. (Channel 19)

August 7, Tuesday

8 p.m.—Movie: "Operation Kid Brother"—Neil Connery, Daniela Bianchi, Adolpho Celi. Just goes to prove that having an older brother in the movies goes a long ways towards getting you your very own movie. (Channel 10)

10 p.m.—First Tuesday (Channel 10)

Workshop Theatre presents "Toad of Toad Hall" August 3-7.